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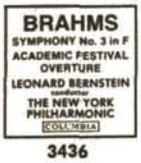

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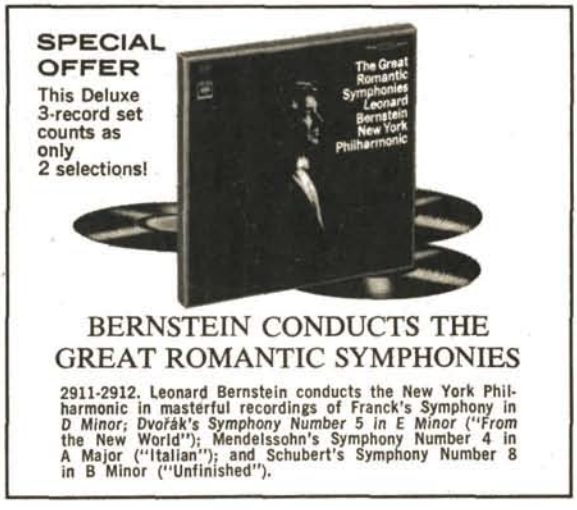
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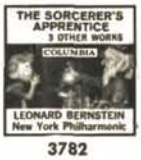

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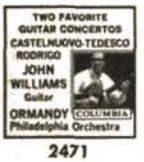

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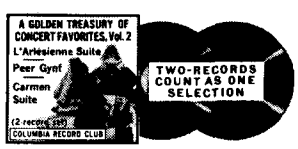

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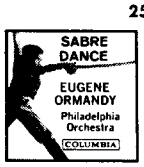

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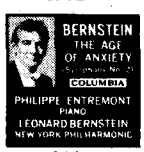

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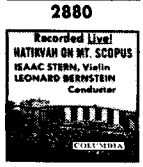

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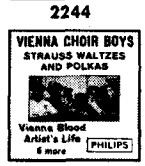

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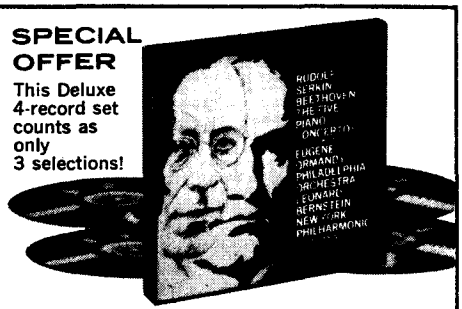

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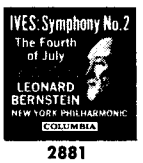

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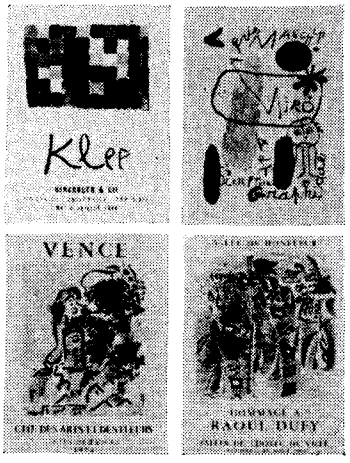

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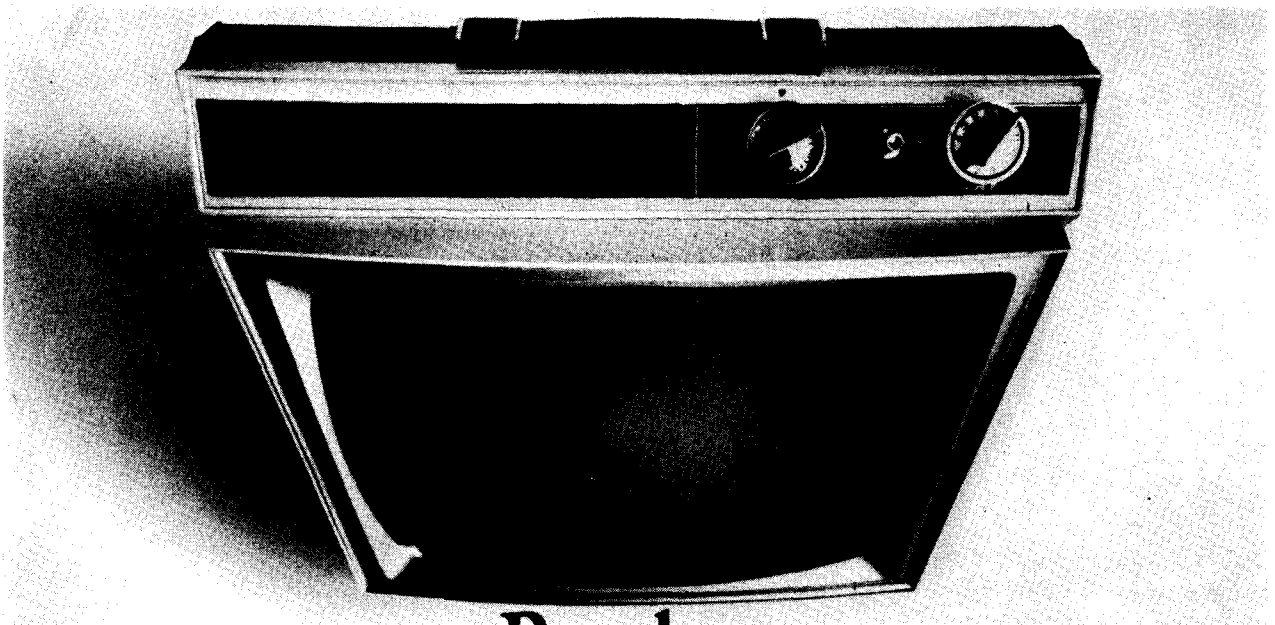

Press box.

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Tomorrow's World. First of four science documentaries: "Beyond the Sky." Frank McGee, narrator. Friday, Jan. 5 (10-11 pm).

In Search of Peace. Prominent clergymen view and discuss "The Hat," animated parable of war and peace. Sunday, Jan. 7 (10-11 am).

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Jack Palance, Leo Genn, Oscar Homolka, Billie Whitelaw, Tessie O'Shea in Stevenson's classic. Sunday, Jan. 7 (9-11:30 pm).

The Undersea World of Jacques-Yves Cousteau. First in new series of undersea expeditions: "The Sharks." Monday, Jan. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Great Explorations. "The Trail of Stanley and Livingston." John Glenn, narrator. Thursday, Jan. 11 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Huntley-Brinkley Special Report. Foreign Policy Association discussion with news correspondents. Friday, Jan. 12 (10-11 pm).

National Smoking Test. A "test" of viewers' knowledge about smoking and its effects. Tuesday, Jan. 16 (10-11 pm).

Laura. Lee Bouvier and Robert Stack in Truman Capote's adaptation of mystery-drama. Wednesday, Jan. 17 (9-11 pm).

The Carnival of the Menuhins. Bell Telephone Hour profiles violinist Yehudi Menuhin and his family. Friday, Jan. 19 (10-11 pm).

Dirksen of Capitol Hill. News special on the political career and views of Senator Everett Dirksen. Monday, Jan. 22 (10-11 pm).

Flesh and Blood. Edmond O'Brien, E. G. Marshall, Kim Stanley, Suzanne Pleshette, Kim Darby, Robert Duval in William Hanley's original drama. Friday, Jan. 26 (8:30-10:30 pm).

1968 Hollywood Stars of Tomorrow Awards. Gene Kelly hosts program citing outstanding young performers. Saturday, Jan. 27 (9:30-10:30 pm).

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts With Leonard Bernstein. Sunday, Jan. 28 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Luther. John Osborne's Broadway drama with Robert Shaw, Robert Morley. Monday, Jan. 29 (8:30-10 pm).

A Night at Ford's Theater. Reopening of Ford's Theater in Washington and its return to live performances. Tuesday, Jan. 30 (10-11 pm).

Elizabeth The Queen. Hallmark Hall of Fame: Dame Judith Anderson and Charlton Heston in Maxwell Anderson's play. Wednesday, Jan. 31 (7:30-9 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/*Today*/*Sunrise Semester*

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Wonderful World of Golf (starts Jan. 20)/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam/Race to the White House/Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/Animal Secrets/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/Wild Kingdom/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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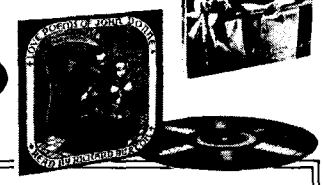

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T.R.B. from Washington

Churned Crystal

★ Our New Year's crystal ball grows cloudy at one point. Yes, we expect the Democrats to pick LBJ. Yes, we think the GOP will pick Richard Nixon. Nixon will say he's for present Vietnam policy only he'll do it better. He'll get peace faster. It will be cheaper. He won't say how.

Faced with Tweedledum and Tweedledee, people will snicker at elections. They'll sneer at politicians. War opponents will shrug and go on to the streets. They may find the Negroes there already. (We don't see the new session of the 90th doing much about civil rights except passing anti-riot legislation.)

Democrats have normally dominated national politics since FDR put together his winning New Deal. We see LBJ occupying a much narrower base, a labor-industrial-military complex. Nixon will get business, farmers, large chunks of the frightened middle class.

We expect George Wallace to be formidable in the South, and in the blue collar-white backlash neighborhoods.

We see a fourth party peace candidate, Senator McCarthy or whoever, probably not carrying a state but possibly tipping big states (California or New York) one way or the other.

A lot of voters may just go fishing.

As we say, our crystal ball goes cloudy at one point. It's at that moment when the tense GOP convention at Miami Beach next August finally nominates its man and delegates go wild in their traditional war dance round the aisles. It's an electric moment. But with *Nixon*? With that poor old tired face wig-wagged on banners? No, somehow we can't visualize it. Not even though polls show county professionals for him.

When we were much younger we saw the glum convention renominate Hoover in 1932. We still have a mental image of Sen. Simeon D. Fess with a silly look of pretended rapture on his face waving a great picture of puffy-faced Herbert in a high collar on the platform. Well, the GOP knew it was licked then; it had to go through with it. But this year it can practically smell victory. Nominate Nixon? The tortured crystal ball grows milky and rocks uncomfortably on its base.

President Johnson is running hard for reelection, spurred in part, perhaps, by Senator McCarthy's defection. Speeches, interviews and a wild dash round the world from antipodes to Pope – show what a tough campaigner he is. We have repeatedly expressed confidence in this column that the nation would ultimately adopt 1) national income support legislation (like a negative income tax), and 2) a system whereby the government would become the employer of last resort. Mr. Johnson virtually endorsed the second in his White House TV interview, Dec. 19. (He has proposed a commission to examine the first.)

We note that even in such a staged TV interview as this, seen by an estimated 52 million in prime time, the President's bristling attitude toward questioners showed through: he was testy, aggressive, snappish and just missed a quarrel with Frank Reynolds of ABC, of whom he demanded sarcastically four times what his own solution to the ghetto problem was. Harry Truman was cocky, it is true, but he scored his points in a kinder way.

How Saigon Sees US

★ We have been making a list of year-end comments from the press, about the feeling of South Vietnamese toward Americans. Hanson Baldwin, military editor of the *NYTimes*, strong advocate of the war, notes "some latent anti-Americanism." *Newsweek*, summarizing the war, finds "a significant amount of anti-Americanism." A weekly report distributed among the US mission in South Vietnam on Dec. 5, quoted by the *Washington Post*, charges "that many of the natives (of South Vietnam) felt that the US is 'deliberately prolonging the war'."

The respectable *National Observer* begins a Saigon dispatch, "A growing number of Vietnamese don't like Americans." It quotes an unnamed member of the new House of Representatives: "Why should Vietnamese boys be sent to die for the Americans?"

With the best will in the world, we conclude, there are obstacles to friendship. Suppose the situation were reversed. How would you like to have your town filled with smiling, aggressive, self-confident foreign soldiers, each apparently eight feet tall, with a handclasp that made you wince? The Vietnamese look like dolls to Americans; the Americans like giants to their hosts. Maybe cordiality is possible for a time, but the mere physical disparity makes the relationship uncomfortable after a while.

Two more thoughts about Vietnam: James Deakin of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* points out that there is disagreement among senior military men about the US role. Backing the war program are, of course, the Joint Chiefs and most of the military establishment, including General Eisenhower. Opposing it, however, are certain retired officers like former Marine Corps Comandant Gen. David Shoup, Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, Brig. Gen. Samuel Griffith, Jr., (retired Marine and authority on China), Rear Admiral Arnold E. True and three brigadier generals, Robert Hughes, William Ford and Hugh B. Hester. In a radio interview General Shoup called some hawk arguments "unadulterated poppycock."

The other point is about the prestigious Dec. 19 statement of 14 leading scholars about Vietnam. *Newsweek*, *Time* and other media fooled us. They played it up as though it gave blanket assent to the Johnson program. Nonsense! It stated that an absolute communist victory would be "equally ruinous" as escalation into a global war. "At this juncture," it says, "nothing would do more to strengthen American support" than judicious deescalation. We "must also," it said, show a "capacity to go down as well as up." That's the last thing the US has done. The war is all "up."

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Will We Make It?

That can-do American spirit, fanciful perhaps but fortifying, shone through a recent remark of Dean Acheson on a Public Broadcast Laboratory interview, apropos of making our cities livable and the lives of the disadvantaged brighter: "Now don't tell me there are obstacles. I know that. I've fallen down and broken my nose as many times as anybody else. But the only way you ever get anywhere is going at these things. Don't say it's impossible. Nothing is impossible." As if to confirm the last sentence, President Johnson, also on TV, made the astonishing suggestion that the leaders in Saigon and the Viet Cong start talking informally with each other; and that "the political future of South Vietnam must be worked out in South Vietnam by the people of South Vietnam." Thousands of men, women and children have been killed and disfigured, families uprooted and ripped apart, homes bombed out, fields burned. Why? Because Lyndon Johnson has been convinced that the future of Vietnam could *not* be left to the Vietnamese. But that's blood over the dam. A man has a right to change his mind.

But has the President changed his mind about our commitment? Within hours of Mr. Johnson's December 19 statement on TV, President Thieu, in Saigon, made it plain that he would not deal with any representative of the NLF. Mr. Johnson then beat a quick retreat to his previous position: The National Liberation Front is an agent of Hanoi (and Hanoi in turn is a cat's paw of the Chinese); no meaningful talks are possible with the Viet Cong, but only with the government of the North, and then only if Hanoi accepts an independent, anti-communist South. Nothing had changed. We are left with the view of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle Wheeler, who sees negotiations as "a method for achieving our objectives," which are not several, but one – victory. And that will come when the "other" Vietnamese, beaten to their knees, give up. It is an objective which, in the judgement of the retired Marine Corps Commandant, General Shoup, will require the United States to "commit genocide on that poor little country." So the new year begins. The US has become an accomplice in murder, murder unmitigated by any plausible claim of self-defense.

That is not all that nags the national conscience. Many of the young, irritatingly honest and not just a fringe as Mr. Johnson thinks, are dropping out, dismissing American society's promised rewards as fraudulent, scorning its hypocrisy and complacency. Activists among

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the young hope through protest and disruption to undermine all present institutions, and their frustration grows as their impotence to topple the establishment is shown. The trust that men give each other so that there can be community is souring. We have little confidence in our leaders, our neighbors, and finally ourselves. We no longer ask whether there will be mass violence and race war next summer, but whether it will break out sooner. And even if that does not occur, we surmise that it will not be safe this year or next to walk the streets of our cities after dark. Alarmed, the politicians and the voters they represent respond by striking out fearfully at "troublemakers." To respond constructively, would be to see what we are (and could be), to admit that the United States, its immense wealth and managerial technique notwithstanding, has slipped out of rational control. Real reform could then begin.

In the next 10 months, this journal will carry hundreds of column inches on politics. But it must be admitted that as of this moment a great many Americans don't much care who gets nominated or elected. And as TRB says, if the "choice" is between Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, how could they be expected to care? Each of these men is a monument to incredibility. Neither political party yet seems able to grasp how far the process of disintegration has spread, or has the will to renew itself through modern leadership. Eugene McCarthy is indeed, as Walter Lippmann writes, "gallant," for he has not feared to step in where others have feared to tread. He may inspire Robert Kennedy to do likewise. But nothing can disguise the truth that as of this January, Senator McCarthy is one of a small company of politicians.

The Republicans, with few exceptions, are offering little more than incantations. They stammer when they try to speak to our need and hopes for peace abroad and at home. They want power, but for no inspiring purposes. Nelson Rockefeller schemes, but what is he scheming? He hires bright people, issues vague pronouncements, travels from town to town throughout his state. But if he is a peace-maker and has a banner around which the forces of domestic renewal can be rallied, he has kept it concealed.

Mr. Lippmann is right that the old Democratic coalition of labor, farmers, ethnic minorities, young voters and the intellectual community is breaking up. He is right that the nation cannot continue to breathe this stale air and flourish. But what new coalition is in the making that will clear the air? It is to that unanswered question that Senator McCarthy is addressing himself, in the faith that a candid confrontation can restore national self-confidence and self-respect. We can only hope that that faith is vindicated next November.

Down and Out

A special report on public welfare practices in America's 100 poorest counties – 97 of which are in southern states – has been released by the Southern Regional Council. For the most part, the report catalogues the near-starvation levels of payment, and the welter of statutory and policy restrictions designed to keep the poverty-stricken off the rolls. It's grim reading: all the more so because Congress has just enacted a host of new welfare restrictions.

States typically define a "minimum standard of decency," but then grant only a portion of it. In Texas a family of four on Aid-for-Dependent Children is said to require $154 per month, but gets $98; Alabama says $177, and pays $81; Mississippi says $194, will not give more than $50 and actually gives less.

It is difficult to know where to begin to list the restrictions on eligibility for these meager grants. Texas requires an applicant to be a citizen: nothing more is needed to keep Mexican-American agricultural laborers in the fields at exploitative wage levels. Residency laws have the same effect (to be eligible for some benefits in many of the states studied, a family must have lived in the jurisdiction for five of the nine preceding years). Striking such restrictive provisions would do more to elevate agricultural wages than the entire history of farm labor organizing.

South Carolina says that an applicant under Aid to the Blind must have lost his sight while in the state. In neighboring North Carolina a blind person must be disqualified if the Welfare Department has any evidence that he was soliciting alms at the time of his application. Texas will grant no aid to disabled persons unless a medical examination shows that the applicant is "helpless, bedfast or chairfast."

Substitute father rules abound. If the welfare department can establish that any man has even the most tenuous connection to an AFDC household (e.g., a neighbor who looks in occasionally), the family may be disqualified on the ground that a source of support is "available." Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia all stipulate that aid can be denied unless children are being reared in a "suitable home." Thus a family may be denied aid if the children are illegitimate. Mississippi won't give aid to a mother and children unless they've been without support for at least six months. If the children's health seems poor, aid can be denied on the grounds of neglect. Louisiana provides that a parent of a second illegitimate child can be imprisoned up to one year and fined up to $1,000. A mother with two or more illegitimate children who applies for welfare unwittingly subjects herself to the risk of these penalties.

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But whatever the many restrictions, they are interpreted more harshly if the applicant is black. Men who have worked a lifetime are no longer needed in the fields and can't get aid for their families unless they desert. Even that desperate act can backfire: wife and children may be defined as "employable" and denied benefits anyway. "Go north," welfare officials advise, thus disposing of unwanted workers and voters.

Strong Arm Squad

During the week of December 4, New York police stood aside while longshoremen beat and stomped anti-war demonstrators, and when the dock workers were finished, the police rushed in with billy clubs to knock more heads. The longshoremen went so far as to beat up one of the mayor's aides. In New York there is often no real distinction between the uniformed police and the longshoremen, representing, as it were, the proletariat in its confrontation with the middle-class women and college students who sat down at Whitehall recruiting station. A few days later at the AFL-CIO's convention in Miami Beach, Teddy Gleason of the Longshoremen got an ovation when he described their policy: "Jerry Lewis says this morning 'You have got to keep your muscles in shape.' [Lewis was appealing for funds for muscular dystrophy.] We kept our muscles in shape all weekend in New York and we took care of those fellows that were burning their draft cards this last weekend in New York. We hope they keep it up because we will just desecrate their ranks, if they have enough soldiers."

Shortly before Gleason made this ringing promise, the delegates had booed Al Toffoli, of the Colorado Labor Council who reported that some 500 labor leaders had adopted a statement in Chicago ("Not All of Labor Agrees with Meany," *NR* Nov. 25) urging a cessation of the bombing in the North and asking for negotiations. This proposition so affronted the members that they debated whether Toffoli even should have the right to spread the position into the printed record. In the name of democracy, they let him go ahead. Then Brother Meany recognized himself, and declared he had it on high authority that that meeting "was planned in Hanoi by a special committee that went there. And . . . I will tell you that I have seen that resolution, every term of it, every line of it in the *Sunday Worker* two weeks before the meeting was held in Chicago." Brother Meany was a trifle off base. Nobody at the Chicago meeting had ever gone to Hanoi, and he must have read about the statement in *The New York Times* where it was reported the day after it was drawn up. It was stale news when it got into the *Worker* a week later.

Unconstitutional Bugging

In *Katz v. United States*, decided on December 18 over but one dissent by Mr. Justice Black, the Supreme Court has done the sensible thing about wiretapping and other forms of electronic eavesdropping. It held that the Fourth Amendment is applicable to them. That Amendment is one of the grandest sentences in the Constitution. "The right of the people," it says, "to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

It is a fine statement, but if one wishes to read it as if it appeared in small print at the bottom of a lease, one can imprison it within such words as "person," "houses," "seizures," and hold it inapplicable to eavesdropping that involves no bodily contact and no trespassing on private property. In the nineteen twenties, the Court presided over by William Howard Taft held the Amendment so inapplicable, against an impassioned dissent by Justice Brandeis.

Now Brandeis is vindicated, and courts and legislatures must face the task of working out procedures, subject to the Fourth Amendment, for conducting restricted wiretapping and other eavesdropping pursuant to warrants issued by judges, "upon probable cause, supported by Oath of affirmation." It is not an easy task, there are many problems in controlling eavesdropping which the law of physical searches and seizures did not encounter, and there will be many situations where the only possible method of effective control and restriction of eavesdropping will be to forbid it altogether. In a case last year, the Court initially reconnoitered the path along which it has now firmly determined to proceed.

Mr. Justice Black's solitary dissent is a characteristic document. Justice Black long since concluded that the way to avoid abuses of judicial power is to hold the judges to a function of literal interpretation, informed externally only by the immediate intent of the Constitution's 18th century framers. Others have thought that the exercise of an ultimate judicial power so constricted would be found intolerable in a growing and changing society. But not Mr. Justice Black. Others have thought also that a process of strictly literal constitutional construction was an illusion, and that judicial policy-making would creep in anyway, only less self-consciously than it should. But not Mr. Justice Black, who in contending for, and essaying, the constricted process of literal constitution, joins – at least as an equal – a handful of formidable, but con-

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sistently outnumbered, Justices of the past. And so in *Katz v. United States,* Justice Black concluded: "Since I see no way in which the words of the Fourth Amendment can be construed to apply to eavesdropping, that closes the matter for me. . . . I will not distort the words of the Amendment in order to 'keep the Constitution up to date' or 'to bring it into harmony with the times.' It was never meant for this Court to have such power. . . ."

That CIAche

When it was revealed last February that the CIA was subsidizing the National Student Association (and just about every other major facet of American life, including foundations and universities), President Johnson reacted predictably. First, he had his press secretary, George Christian, leak word that LBJ was "totally unaware" of the CIA's "Mr. Chips" role in the nation's largest student organization. (What does *that* say for CIA's claim that it never does anything without authorization at the highest level of government?) Second, Mr. Johnson named a committee. He appointed Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach to run it, with the help of John Gardner of HEW. On the sound theory that there is no better-informed source on the CIA than the CIA, its director, Richard Helms, was named as the third member.

The committee also acted predictably. After pondering its task for six weeks, it reached certain conclusions and recommended that another committee be named to study them. Phoenix-like, a new 18-man committee arose. Katzenbach was able, gratefully, to hand the torch upstairs to the new chairman, Dean Rusk. The new panel, which seems to have no formal name, includes members of Congress, educators, and even one student.

The new panel was told to figure out how to set up "a public-private mechanism to provide public funds openly" for deserving organizations that used to get it under the table. And the President announced that no more secret CIA money would go to universities and foundations. This had been recommended by the Katzenbach group, although the fine print in an important footnote allowed "exceptions" to be made in the case of organizations other than those in the educational, cultural or charitable fields.

Now it develops that the Rusk committee is having much difficulty fulfilling its commitment. The panel meets over at the State Department, but as one member put it, Mr. Rusk is a "very busy man," and the committee has managed to get together only "three or four times" to ponder its Herculean task. It has not met at all for three months. The committee *has* succeeded in narrowing down its alternatives to four plans. Under Plan I, about $5 million would be appropriated annually to the State Department to finance the neediest cases among what the committee members like to call the "CIA orphans," a sum that seems scarcely enough to keep the students living in the style to which they had become accustomed. Plan II, which nobody likes, would let AID administer the funds. Plan III would set up a quasi-public commission to dole out the money to the "orphans." Plan IV, the most ambitious, would let the quasi-public commission (modeled in part after the British Council) subsidize the "orphans" at a reported cost of $25 million a year, but it would also take over control of the State Department cultural exchange program, the Fulbright scholarships, USIA libraries and existing AID grants to colleges and hospitals. These other activities would cost $50 million a year. The departure of Professor Charles Frankel as assistant secretary of state for educational and cultural affairs – he seems to have quit partly in protest over Vietnam – may have emboldened the panel to set its sights high and place a broad range of government activity in semi-private hands. The idea, of course, is to remove the stigma of the CIA from foundation, cultural and student activities by relinquishing direct government control over where the money goes and how it is used. Skeptics might ask why the government should bother to finance student groups at all if they are no longer doing the government's work, but that is another question.

Plan IV, it was reported in the press, is being "vigorously pushed" by Dr. Milton Eisenhower of Johns Hopkins University. "Nonsense," he says. "I haven't made up my mind. I'm not pushing anything."

At the State Department sessions, the committee has had before it secret memoranda giving breakdowns of the costs of all of the government's educational and cultural activities, including the clandestine cultural activities heretofore bankrolled in Langley, Virginia.

A group of congressional hawks on the committee – George Mahon of Texas, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, Mendel Rivers of South Carolina, chairman of Armed Services, and Rep. Frank Bow of Ohio – are reported to be in favor of Plan I, since it is the least expensive. Senator Milton R. Young, the North Dakota Republican who is a great friend of the CIA, says *he* has been so busy he hasn't "been to one of those meetings."

Budget Director Charles Schultze, another member of the committee, who presumably speaks for the President, is in favor of Plan III (quasi-public commission, modest scale) and against taking any programs away from existing agencies. Just more bother for the Budget Bureau.

Meanwhile, very little has been said about what the

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Katzenbach committee delicately referred to as the "disengagement" problem, namely the cutting of the financial cords between CIA and the private recipients that had come to depend upon secret tax funds. The Katzenbach report recommended that "where such support has been given, it . . . be terminated as quickly as possible without destroying valuable private organizations before they can seek new means of support. . . . On the basis of our case-by-case review, we expect that the process of termination can be largely – perhaps entirely – completed by December 31, 1967." But did CIA really end its financing of students and foundations, business, labor and other groups by last week's deadline? If so, it was a bleak Christmas for those organizations, although better for the country.

The Near-Forgotten Aged

There are 19 million Americans over 65 years old. Some 6.5 million, by Office of Economic Opportunity definition, live in poverty. OEO has a project to do something for about 200,000 of them. It was to have begun last March and run a year, but it got off to a late start and OEO now thinks it won't reach that goal before it expires three months from now.

Project FIND, one of those bureaucratic acronyms (Friendless, Isolated, Needy and Disabled), is administered under an OEO contract by the National Council on the Aging, a nonprofit operation with headquarters in New York City. The idea of FIND is to give a relatively small number of old people jobs canvassing slum neighborhoods for other old people who need help but who are in no condition to seek it.

The canvassers, who are called aides, go from door to door. Sometimes a tip from the last person they've seen helps to locate someone else. Since the aides are in some cases themselves poor (they work part time and the $1.60 an hour they earn is usually not enough to keep them from collecting Social Security), they can more easily establish rapport and find out things that might be withheld from a social worker. The aides try to learn what an old person needs and make referrals to agencies that help. Unfortunately they are also encumbered with a bulky questionnaire, in which there are hundreds of questions designed to document the obvious – that elderly people are often sick and poor and lonely and need help. (Lacking are any questions that might give evidence of consumer exploitation of the aged.) The questionnaire takes an hour to complete if the respondent understands, can hear the questions, and answers rapidly.

The Washington project – one of 12 scattered about the country – began in the Cardozo neighborhood. At first, some District Public Welfare people were upset, because they feared that uncovering "invisible" poor people would only add to case loads. As Richard Cloward and Frances Fox Piven have pointed out in these pages welfare programs often operate to exclude as many as possible from benefits. Case workers subsequently calmed down and FIND has had the cooperation of agencies to which referrals are made. After the *pilot* stage, FIND branched out to other neighborhoods and is now a *demonstration* project which will presumably serve as a model for something bigger and better when there is more money for such things.

The aides have a list of agencies which provide hearing aids, dental care, a free lunch, clothing, food stamps. Such programs may be inadequate, but many elderly people do not know that they are there at all, and an old woman who must spend all of her income for rent is helped by knowing she can have a warm lunch nearby in St. Stephens Church basement. In theory aides are available to take persons who can't go alone, downtown and help them apply for benefits. This doesn't always work out, since few of the aides have a car or the time. Thus far in Washington, 28 aides and captains, who supervise and coordinate their efforts, have seen about 400 persons. There are 73,000 people over 65 in the District.

In early December, Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey held several days of hearings of his Special Committee on Aging, primarily to drum up interest in another White House Conference on the Aging which the Senator hopes will be held in 1970. The testimony of Jack Ossofsky, who directs FIND nationally for the National Council on the Aging, was prototypic – poverty war talk – a statement of grand goals, puny means, limited accomplishment, and still somehow high hopes. The idea for FIND, he said, came from the Medicare Alert program set up to enroll older Americans in Medicare. FIND is operating in New York City; Phillipsburg, New Jersey, Alexandria, Louisiana; Warren and Forest Counties, Pennsylvania, Hammond, Indiana; Milan, Missouri and a surrounding area; Oakland County, Michigan; Santa Cruz County, California; Muskogee, Oklahoma; Huntington, West Virginia; St. Petersburg, Florida; and Washington, D.C. As of December 5, 20,000 people had been interviewed (10 percent of the goal, with only a little more than three months left to reach it). FIND employes 350 old people and has a $1.25 million budget.

The following are three excerpts from aide reports which give some idea of what kinds of people FIND uncovers: "Mrs. L. B. lives in a substandard apartment. The house is falling apart. No heat, only a wood stove. Cooks on a hot plate. Outside lavatory. No hot water. Takes bath in tin tub. Needs a cook stove. Provided her with some clothing. Long form questionnaire completed and turned in." "Mr. J. T., 80 years old.

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Social Security $83.70. Pays $40 rent. Pays $10.00 per month to landlady for one meal a day. Goes without breakfast. Goes to Washington Hospital Center Clinic. Has to pay for his medicine. Is being treated for arthritis and leukemia. Is badly in need of a hearing aid, dentures and clothing. Long form turned in." "Mr. L., 91 years and Mrs. L., 82, are neglected and dirty. No income. The son pays the rent and buys the food. I contacted Social Security and requested that an investigator visit this couple because they are eligible to receive $35.00 a month. A visiting nurse was sent into the home. We will try to get a home-maker into the home."

An OEO official who works closely with the project FIND says that when the Senate was considering the amendments to the Economic Opportunity Act a few weeks ago, OEO officials who testified were embarrassed to have to admit that the Poverty War was paying very little specific attention to older poor people. There is a Foster Grandparents program, which employs persons over 60 to work with neglected children and, of course, FIND, but otherwise not much. "We're obviously not even scratching the surface," he says, "but I suppose it's better than nothing."

Senators Javits, Clark, Pell and Edward Kennedy made sure this time the poverty bill would reflect their concern for the aged. As finally approved, the bill has nine specific references to the elderly, ranging from a provision for recreation and service centers "controlled by older persons themselves" (the idea for this was Senator Pell's), to including older people as VISTA volunteers, providing them loans, and offering "priority programs aiding elderly persons to achieve greater self-sufficiency." DAVID SANFORD

Chaos on the Campus

From a Special Correspondent

A chilling echo of Dotson Rader's "Princeton Weekend" (*NR*, Dec. 9), has blown across the campus of San Francisco State College, a commuter institution of 18,000. "Militants" of Students for a Democratic Society and the Progressive Labor Party sought (and still seek) to turn what had been an open, liberal campus with great promise, into a state prison camp, by courting "confrontation" with Governor Ronald Reagan and Dr. Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction. The scapegoat in this "manipulation of atrocities" (to use a phrase of an English professor in the college) is a clinical psychologist, Dr. John Summerskill, the diligent president of the college who has been the special target of the "militants" since taking office last year. (His inaugural ceremonies were picketed.)

Dr. Summerskill does not present the kind of opposition the militants want (and seem to need, psychologically), so he must go. He has a disconcerting habit of cutting their ground from under them, by conceding their ostensible demands. For instance, he supported a student boycott of the campus cafeteria (the demand was for lower prices and student control of eating facilities). Then, last April, when students and faculty voted to end class-ranking and college complicity with draft boards, Summerskill, who on many occasions has denounced the Vietnam war, sided with them. (The trustees overruled him.) After he is gone (and the trustees have put him on 60-days' notice), the militants hope for some rightwing disciplinarian, whose draconic repressions will recruit new militants.

On December 6, after a week of fanning themselves into a frenzy because two student staff members and the publication *Open Process* had been suspended following publication of a scatological "poem," and four Negro students had been suspended following an attack on staff members of the student newspaper and the ransacking of the office by a dozen black students, the SDS-led "Movement Against Political Suspensions" (MAPS) and Black Students Union (BSU) struck. After breaking into the locked Administration Building and milling around inside, drawing obscenities on the walls and tipping over ash bins, they left the building and went on a rampage across the campus, which culminated in the looting and attempted burning of the student-owned bookstore and dozens of fist-fights with students. The BSU had brought large numbers of Black Nationalists on campus to supplement their numbers (there are only 1,000 Negroes at SFSC, out of 20,000 students). The non-student Negroes broke into classrooms, intimidating professors and students, and were only prevented from sacking the college library by the courageous action of one of the BSU girls. To avert an even messier situation, Dr. Summerskill (on advice of the San Francisco police department) refrained from calling local police onto the campus, for which he was first denounced by the Governor, then praised for showing "commendable restraint and good judgment."

The right wing responded on cue, as though their parts were written by the SDS. Dr. Summerskill was arraigned by the trustees the following Saturday, in a star chamber atmosphere, by politicians who thought him guilty before hearing him, as did the public. The Hearst *San Francisco Examiner* had called him "the high priest of the cult of permissiveness" for lifting the suspensions; the Negro militants thought he was "just another white man." The trustees reacted to the disorder by removing discretionary power over student suspensions and calling of police by the State College

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president; both are now mandatory where there is "violence or the threat of violence" on campus. Faculty members, who responded to this move with threats of a strike, were informed they would be summarily dismissed. Student response was not according to the SDS prediction; although students rallied behind Dr. Summerskill (verbally, at least, signing a 5,000-name petition for his retention), a second disturbance on December 13 was booed and jeered at by a group of students present at the "rally" that was supposed to begin a "disruptive sit-in." Dr. Summerskill addressed the students, again conceding many demands and putting the issue of student control of student affairs squarely up to the students who demanded it, asking them to propose methods of accomplishing the task. With the mass of students not willing to "rise against their oppressors," and the president of the college reacting more like JFK than like "Bull" Connor, a handful of militants" went through with the "sit-in" (about 75-100, as compared to 250-300 a week before), while a committee of students discussed the issues with Dr. Summerskill.

For the moment, the pressure is off, but the damage has been done. The black students are still on suspension, and any action to reinstate them now seems impossible; the faculty is temporizing but may still strike, unless the trustees remove insulting restrictions on campus autonomy ("autonomy" is a cherished tribal totem at SFSC which is older – founded 1899 – and more independent than California's other 18 state colleges). The antiwar, antidraft movement (of which SDS was the backbone) on campus, which has been able to have antiwar and antidraft ballot propositions approved at previous student elections, has lost most of its following. Latent anti-Negro feelings and not-so-latent anti-white feelings have been crystalized and strengthened; dialogue between the races, which had just begun (prior to two years ago, there were scarcely any Negroes on campus, and the number has doubled since last spring semester), has virtually ceased. The academic life of the campus has been disrupted for almost a month, and many faculty are not planning to return next semester to a campus already hurt badly by Governor Reagan's "economies." If there is a strike, and mass-firings, American Federation of Teachers and AAUP sanctions may endanger the college's accreditation. And over $100,000 in badly needed funds have been diverted from the starving academic program to "beef-up" the nine-man campus security force. This, at a time when the English department cannot even provide paper for class syllabuses!

To balance against these disastrous losses, there is not even a measurable amount of "radicalization" (to use one of the SDS cant phrases) among the students. If anything, they have adopted the conservatism which is born of fear and repulsion. By their ignorance of human responses and their blindness to real situations, the militants have probably ruined one of the best state colleges in the nation. What next?

Goldwater in South Africa

Photography and Seeing "Friends"

by Stanley Uys

Capetown

"Why have you come to South Africa, Senator?" asked the reporter. Barry Goldwater tapped his camera. "To take photographs," he said. "What kind of photographs?" inquired the reporter. "I am very interested in taking pictures of animals, and if the pictures I take on this trip are worthwhile, I shall return next year to collect material for a book on African game," declared Mr. Goldwater. "But," persisted the reporter, "you have seen the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Hilgard Muller – what did you talk about?" "Game reserves," replied Mr. Goldwater.

And so on. The senator stuck doggedly to his story that this one-week visit to apartheid-land, followed by a visit to that other bastion of white supremacy, Rhodesia, was primarily a holiday trip. With a camera permanently in one hand, and a wad of South African banknotes in the other from which he peeled off generous tips, Mr. Goldwater certainly looked the tourist part. It was just that the circumstances of his visit gave rise to suspicions. For one thing, he spent most of his time not in the game parks for which South Africa is famous, but in Johannesburg, Capetown and Durban; and for another thing, Mr. Goldwater has some devoted, and influential, admirers in this country who, it is believed, want to establish closer contact with this famous exponent of American conservatism.

His visit must be seen against the background of South African politics. During the past year, the ruling Nationalist Party has been in a kind of turmoil as a result of the emergence of a right-wing group which feels that, under the leadership of Premier Vorster, the government is betraying Afrikaner ideals. This group is led by the fanatical Dr. Albert Hertzog, Minister of Health and of Posts and Telegraphs, and it includes in its hierarchy at least a dozen government Members of Parliament, as well as Dutch Reformed Church clergymen, university professors and other eminent Afri-

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kaners. These are Afrikanerdom's Red Guards who accuse Mr. Vorster of betraying the Afrikaner revolution. Mr. Vorster and his Cabinet, they say, are revisionists, who are embarking on "outward-looking" policies which will lead to the dilution, and thus the downfall, of Afrikanerdom. It is potentially a serious revolt, but Mr. Vorster cunningly has so restricted the group's area of manuever that it is having to pause and reappraise its moves.

In this pause, Mr. Goldwater arrived on the scene. It would be unfair to say bluntly that he came to make acquaintance with the Afrikaner Red Guards, but it certainly would be surprising if the Red Guards did not take the opportunity of meeting him while he was here. At one press conference, Mr. Goldwater admitted that he would be seeing "friends" in South Africa, but he refused to identify them. Later, his secretary disclosed they were not actually friends yet, but they would be people "to whom Senator Goldwater would be introduced to here." If, indeed, these "friends" and the Afrikaner Red Guards are one and the same people, it would be a perfectly natural occurrence, for even before the Red Guards emerged as a group seeking to capture control of the ruling Nationalist Party, they were punting hard for Mr. Goldwater in the US presidential elections. An MP, who is Dr. Hertzog's right-hand man today, and a newspaper which Dr. Hertzog influences both predicted a Goldwater victory; and so did the South African Broadcasting Corporation, whose chairman, incidentally, is another leading member of the Afrikaner Red Guards (or *verkramptes*, as they are known locally). Further support for the Goldwater cause came from a curious little publication known as the *S. A. Observer*, an English-language monthly, published in Pretoria, which serves as the mouthpiece of the Red Guards and which has been at the center of the recent dissension in the Nationalist Party. In an article in November 1964, this journal stated that organized conservatism in American politics was undoubtedly one of the most significant developments since World War II, mainly because it represented "the first major challenge to the forces of contemporary liberalism in more than four decades." The journal commented: "The choice of Richard Nixon at the 1960 convention did not satisfy the conservatives, and it was there that Goldwater exerted an electrifying effect on the party by telling it to 'grow up' and embrace truly conservative ideals." To the South African "conservatives," as they call themselves, Mr. Goldwater therefore is more than just an American politician: he is a key exponent of an international creed. The enemy of conservatism is not simply the political liberal, but the humanitarian, the integrationist, the internationalist. In different countries this takes different forms: in South Africa, it is a struggle for an exclusive Afrikanerdom. When Mr. Goldwater visits South Africa, therefore, the effect is to promote the slogan, "Conservatives of the World, Unite!" At any rate, that is the theory; in practice, however, Barry Goldwater in darkest Africa is not the unmitigated blessing the Red Guards thought he would be. They forgot that Mr. Goldwater is not George Wallace, and that, moreover, he has to think of the folks back home. This miscalculation nearly screwed up the whole trip. For example, Mr. Goldwater told South Africans, "I am unalterably opposed to discrimination or segregation on the basis of race, color or creed. . . ." Also, in a disastrous South African Broadcasting Corporation interview, Mr. Goldwater kept saying the "wrong" things. He declared that what had brought him into politics was that "I felt that the government was running more and more of our business and telling us how to live our lives and I think that today this is a big threat to freedom in the United States." As this is exactly what is happening in South Africa today, the interviewers hurriedly began talking about Mr. Goldwater's grandchildren. Then Mr. Goldwater contradicted an S. A. Broadcasting Corporation program which had said that American society was "falling to pieces" with crime beyond control and "gangsters counting their gains in dollars by the billion." No, said Mr. Goldwater, this was wrong – America was not like that. Also, Mr. Goldwater, again contradicting the S. A. Broadcasting Corporation (and all Cabinet ministers), said, that he did not think the Red Chinese had successfully infiltrated northern and central Africa. Finally, he declared that, in a third world war, the free world and Russia would fight on the same side against Red China.

Mr. Goldwater, though, tried to make up for his shortcomings in other ways. He visited the vast African township which provides Johannesburg with its labor and was "tremendously impressed"; he found elements of liberalism and conservatism in apartheid – liberal because it was ready to try anything new, conservative because it ensured that anything tried was strictly within the framework of tested concepts; he said that what he had seen of apartheid had convinced him that South Africa should press ahead with the "experiment" – it should not be abandoned before it had been given a chance (wry sort of encouragement); and he added that he realized America and South Africa had two different problems – in the United States the Negroes formed one nation with White Americans, while in South Africa there were eight "black nations" (a reference to the eight reserve areas which have been set aside for Africans, but which of course can accommodate only a limited number of them, and then under conditions of subsistence agriculture). Mr. Goldwater explained that he did not

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think it necessary to place a time limit on the apartheid "experiment." "You can't put time limits on history or on acts of God," he asserted. Asked generally what his impressions were of South Africa, he said: "I think it is one of the most exciting parts of the world I have ever been to, and it is a lot like my part of the United States – young and vigorous. If I were a young man looking for some place to go to and to grow up and work in, South Africa would really be a challenge." But, inquired someone, how did he reconcile this with his earlier remark that, "I pray for the day when all people will be color blind?" Never mind, replied Mr. Goldwater: he did not think they would see this state of affairs for 1,000 years.

But on one point, at least, Mr. Goldwater was emphatic: that the United States government should lift the embargo on the export of arms to this country. South Africa needed arms to fight the terrorists who were now moving down the continent and had already reached Rhodesia and the adjoining African state of Botswana. "You people here are not going to yield to terrorism without a fight," he said. "You will get arms from somewhere, and I would like to see my country supplying them."

What Is Our Picture of Asia?

by Albert Axelbank

Tokyo

Incredibly, the rise of Chinese Power (with a capital P) is considerably more fearsome to Americans 10,000 miles away than to people and nations on China's doorstep. The State Department suggests that American hearts ought to beat a little faster because Peking not only is perfecting advanced atomic weapons, but China's population will, in less than a generation, burgeon to about one-third of humanity. Yet Japan, Taiwan, Pakistan, the Philippines and Burma tend to regard this nuclearized China with equanimity.

When US officials make 24-hour "airport tours" of Asian capitals and declare that "most Asians support American policy in Vietnam," they are talking about an Asia which exists only in their heads.

The Japanese, a peripatetic, intellectually curious, and highly literate people, know Asia very well. At the moment they are more worried about precipitate US actions, than by any predictable moves by the regime in Peking. Japanese generals voice little fear of China, N-armed or not. Naturally, they do want to build up their military, and already the Japanese Self-Defense Forces possess more fire power than the prewar Imperial Forces. Indeed, just as experts – Western experts, that is – underestimated the Japanese in the past, they are likely once again to derogate the present resurgence of Japanese power – a power which, while nonnuclear, is beginning to include an arsenal of nuclear-capable weapons. But Masumi Esaki, ex-director-general of the Japanese Defense Agency, visited China in 1966, observed Chinese military maneuvers, and concluded: "China is nonaggressive."

Perhaps the biggest paradox of the US-Japan alliance is that despite official American statements that Japan is Washington's most important ally, President Johnson dare not set foot on Japanese soil. Internal chaos in Japan in 1960, over revision of the unpopular military pact with the US, caused the American CIA to report that if the then President Eisenhower visited Japan, as scheduled, he would probably be murdered. In the present heavily anti-American tenor in Japan spawned by general Japanese antipathy to America's role in Vietnam, the same fear keeps Johnson away from this major ally, even though he has journeyed to other Asian states. Yet, after Premier Sato spoke to President Johnson last month in Washington, Johnson said: "We had a complete meeting of minds."

From the Sato-Johnson talks and the final communiqué, it was evident that Johnson wasn't informed that anti-Sato student fervor was so hot in Japan that the Premier was compelled to travel by armored car to get from his house to the airport en route to Washington. As it was, huge bloody demonstrations ensued. One Japanese in his seventies took his own life by setting fire to himself in front of Sato's residence.

When such US dignitaries as Hubert Humphrey, Walt Rostow and William Bundy visit Japan, the nation's most august universities are closed to them. The students refuse to listen to a defense of policies they deem indefensible. When Dean Rusk traveled to the hallowed, templed city of Kyoto in mid-1966,

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a large segment of the city looked as if it were under siege. (Kyoto was one of the few key Japanese cities spared the fury of World War II American bombs, thanks largely to efforts by such farsighted individuals as Edwin O. Reischauer.) Police kept thousands of student demonstrators against the Vietnam war out of Rusk's sight. He never saw them. His impression of Kyoto as a city of serenity was apparently unspoiled.

Okinawa is America's allegedly impregnable nuclear base in Asia and is an island over which the US has complete military control. Yet the American chief executive can't visit there either except, of course, for the military enclaves. Even Premier Sato got rough treatment when he went there in the summer of 1965. Demonstrations against continued US occupation of Okinawa reached such an extreme, that Sato was forced to spend the night in a US military barracks rather than at his hotel.

The US-Japan alliance is not, however, in urgent danger of collapse. It will continue automatically, according to treaty stipulations, beyond 1970. But the tension in Japan seems to be mounting. Despite the flowery words expressed in official Tokyo and Washington about the alliance, no amount of prose can mask the unmistakable cracks in the relationship.

Taiwan, the home of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, should be scared out of its wits by the presence of a nuclearized China. Not only is this untrue, Chiang pleads with Washington: "Give me some landing craft and my armies will invade China and crush Mao!" Most Asians appear to accept Peking's pledge that it will never be the first to use atomic bombs. And these Asians cannot be considered "innocents." After all, Hiroshima and Nagasaki are where they are.

The director-general of Japan's "Pentagon" told the Diet (Parliament) in July 1967 that, "It is improbable that there will be such a war as to kill the other party and lose one's life too." The official, Kaneshichi Matsuda, strongly doubted that total war ever will erupt in Asia. (At the same time, the Defense Agency issued a report which said that if a 10-megaton atomic bomb explodes on the ground in Tokyo at 4 p.m. on any day except Sundays or holidays, only two million people will survive out of close to 12 million. The report, significantly, created hardly a stir among Japan's 100-million-plus population.)

What about other anti-communist allies of the US?

A close scrutiny shows that some of America's best friends ignore the best counsel of the State Department. Malaysia, for example. Perhaps the supreme anomaly in relations with China was shown in remarks made not long ago by its Premier, Tunku Abdul Rahman. He said that China constitutes the "chief menace to peace in Asia." I asked him if his country trades with Peking.

"Oh yes," he replied. How much? "Oh it's a big trade; we sell lots of rubber and other items to China, maybe $10 million worth."

Even the Philippines, which recognizes not a single communist government, has recently given official indication that it will "look the other way" and, to counter rice shortages, import rice grown in China. Nevertheless, one still hears US authorities say that the Chinese are "starving," a fact not attested to by thousands of Japanese and noncommunist Europeans who visited the mainland in 1967. Indeed, China is selling 200,000 tons of soybeans and about 200,000 tons of rice to Japan each year. (The source for these figures is the US Embassy in Tokyo.)

Washington's own Agency for International Development (AID) belatedly confirmed in December the piquant finding of Senator Gruening, that AID in 1965 paid more than $544,000 to a Chinese communist controlled firm, to ship Thai rice into South Vietnam as part of the US pacification program. The deal was arranged by South Vietnamese government officials, who got $92,000 in kickbacks. Peking presumably pocketed a share of AID's dollars.

I got a glimpse of the "two Asias" during my first visit to South Vietnam in 1962. I listened then to US Pacific Forces Commander Adm. Harry Felt predict that the war would be wrapped up inside of two years. He was not in touch with reality, for then, everything pointed to protracted slaughter if a military "solution" were sought. Those were the days when the American command in Saigon was hollering for the immediate recall of several US journalists whose quite accurate dispatches made official military and embassy reports read like tales from Mother Goose.

Lately, Washington officialdom seems to have ventured into the highly dubious business of mental telepathy, with the explanation, soberly advanced, that the men in Hanoi are really thankful for America's presence in Vietnam because this enables Hanoi to maintain its independence from Peking. Some months ago, I asked Foreign Minister Tran Van Do of South Vietnam whether Ho Chi Minh was popular in the south. "Yes," he said. He added that many southerners knew Ho and admired his leadership in the heroic defeat of the French at Dien Bien Phu. Then he said: "But I can't understand what makes the North Vietnamese offer such tough resistance today."

It may or may not be true that, as Gunnar Myrdal has said, American prestige will suffer immeasurably if the US does "win" the war in Vietnam. But what is incontestable in the present flux in Asia is that the US is without a single high-ranking diplomatic troubleshooter who could be called on to play a behind-the-scenes role in Orient-Occident politics; who could sit

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down with Chou En-lai or a Chen Yi; or even a Sihanouk. Last year, Averell Harriman tried to visit Phnom Penh – and failed. No meaningful contact exists between Washington and Communist China, the acknowledged key indirect party to the Vietnam war; or with Cambodia, which is an increasingly vital factor in the conflict. The United States is only remotely in touch with Asia as it is.

Something Fishy

by Ralph Nader

During the very disturbing disclosures of conditions in the meat industry that led to the meat inspection act this month, some consumers began to take refuge in eating more fish. This shift was motivated more by lack of confidence in meat than by any positive attraction for fish. Over the past two decades, fish sales have not increased, in contrast to the steady rise in meat and poultry sales. Per capita consumption of fish and fishery products in this country amounts to an insignificant 11 lbs. a year – the same as 20 years ago. (Americans consume an average of 175 lbs. of meat and meat products a year.)

What accounts for this resistance to fish? Certainly, most seafood is less expensive than comparable meat servings. Excellence of flavor and texture has made seafood a staple for the most fastidious culinary preparations. Perhaps, one kind of answer can be seen in a 1963 survey by Consumers Union that concluded: "The general quality level of all frozen fishery products tested by CU in the past few years can only be described as dismal."

Consumers Union has made a habit of testing fishery products. Here is part of the tally: 98 samples of 120 samples of frozen raw breaded shrimp tested contained coagulase positive staphylococci (1961); 55 samples of 120 samples of cod, haddock and ocean perch fillets judged substandard quality (1963); 85 percent of 646 cans of salmon (51 brands) showed a tendency toward mushiness or discoloration (1966); 17 samples of 18 frozen salmon steaks (3 brands) were so rancid that no cooking method could disguise the bad flavor (1966).

The Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the Department of Interior has made similar tests with disappointing findings.

The principal factors contributing to such low quality in fishery products range from the boat to the marketplace. Many ships are old and grossly unsanitary. But even the more modern portions of the domestic fishing fleet have yet to surmount the long time that elapses between the fish catch and its processing. Dead fish often rest 5 to 14 days in the hold pens with ice piled on top of them. The unique odors attendant upon decomposition aboard ship proliferate here. Deficient temperature control is the most serious problem. Storage at temperatures above the level of O°F bring deteriorating havoc on this highly perishable commodity.

Sloppy processing practices, such as defective seams in many Alaskan salmon cans last year, can be highly dangerous. The Food and Drug Administration tested more than two million cases of that salmon to locate the defectively sealed cans.

FDA surveys of fish processing plants have revealed such situations as the following:

"The fish were hung on wooden sticks for the processing operation. The sticks and nails were encrusted with rotten fish scales and particles from previous batches. Debris from previous batches of fish was trapped in the nicked table top since no attempt was made to clean and sanitize the table between operations. These residues served to contaminate all batches of fish that passed over the table. No attempt was made to clean the rusty wire dip nets that were used to remove the fish from the thawing and brining casks. The nets had buildups of bits of rotten fish flesh and entrails. . . . A rusty perforated metal scoop was generally used to mix the brine solutions. In one instance an employee picked a stick off the floor and used it to mix the brine. . . . After smoking, the fish were allowed to stand at room temperature, for approximately 4 1/2 hours before they were placed in a refrigerator."

The fish industry is very sensitive about such disclosures. The foregoing example was contained in an address earlier this year by W. B. Rankin, Deputy Commissioner of FDA. He never had the opportunity to deliver his address, however, because his industry hosts decided to cancel his appearance upon learning

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that he was planning to be mildly critical.

The commercial fishing industry has had less success in keeping non-public the outbreaks of illness and disease resulting from contaminated fish and shellfish. Botulism, salmonella, shigellosis and infectious hepatitis outbreaks have taken lives, made many people ill and contributed considerably to depressing the sales of fish products. In 1963, nine people died from botulism poisoning present in canned tuna. Tuna sales suffered for some months thereafter. During the 1966 Memorial Day weekend, nearly 400 cases of salmonella poisoning in New York City were traced to smoked fish coming out of filthy plants.

Very frequently, the difficulty of turning evidence into proof to show a direct link between seafood and disease or illness has kept down the toll collected by FDA. Hepatitis is such a case. The incidence of that disease is increasing sharply. Unremitting is the outpouring of industrial and domestic sewage on or near shellfish (oysters, clams and mussels) growing waters. Shellfish are often eaten raw or are only partially cooked. Other foods are eaten by the afflicted at the same time, to complicate further causal discovery. Few resources and manpower are expended to find the connections, except for significant outbreaks. The proper approach, therefore, must be one of prevention before larger disasters occur.

Prevention requires law which at present is both inadequate and poorly administered. There are three main types of inspection. The FDA has a mandatory inspection program for domestically produced fishery products marketed in interstate commerce. Actually, the 2,200 fish processing plants in the US are inspected an average of less than once a year. By comparison, federally inspected meat plants have continuous inspection by "resident" inspectors. Virtually no fishing vessels are inspected. A huge gap involves imported fishery products which totalled 1.4 billion pounds or 54 percent of total US human consumption last year. The FDA does not, except on rare occasions, inspect imports. And foreign producing vessels and processing plants – 116 countries export fishery products to the US – are totally beyond scrutiny.

The second inspection system is a voluntary one offered by the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries whose primary purpose is to promote the sale of fishery products. Firms which subscribe to this voluntary inspection pay the inspectors' fees. Only 40 processing plants have availed themselves of this inspection-plus-certification program. The Bureau has no condemnation authority, so products denied certification may still reach consumers.

Finally, the states have their nominal authority under general food inspection laws. Only Maine and California have specific programs of fish inspection which concentrates on canneries. A number of states cooperate with the US Public Health Service in skillful water surveillance. There is even less activity on the state level for fish inspection than meat inspection.

The inadequacy of legal controls over fishery product wholesomeness was brought out at a Senate Commerce Committee hearing last July. The FDA testified on the pending legislation, saying that no additional authority was needed. All the industry trade organizations did the same. Yet under questioning by Senator Philip A. Hart (D, Mich.), and staff counsel William Meserve, the FDA spokesman, Kenneth Kirk, repeatedly acknowledged area after area where the Agency was doing little or nothing.

The FDA's concern was over the prospect of Senator Hart's bill giving more authority to the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries at FDA's expense. The bill, S. 1472, is eminently weak. It provides for the Secretary of Interior to conduct a survey of the domestic fishery industry. Three years after enactment, the Secretary would issue "adequate sanitary standards and practices" which would not take effect for another three years. Vessels under 5 tons (comprising 25 percent of the domestic fish catch) would be exempted, along with wholesale establishments selling fish to retail customers. Willful violation of the standards, even if people die as a result, incurs no criminal penalties. Seizure of any products violating such standards is not even authorized.

Two witnesses came before the Senate committee and talked directly to the problems. John Nickerson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology said that the "fishing industry has long been in need of some kind of continuous or semicontinuous supervision. . . ." He cited one fish plant operator who declared that "he could make just as much money selling bad fish as he could selling good fish." Some processors have this same attitude, Professor Nickerson added. He discounted any further reliance on industry voluntarily controlling its abuses and rejected the idea that an elaborate study is needed to find out what needs to be done.

It remained for a prosperous veteran of the Alaskan fishing industry, Lowell Wakefield, to etch the most discomforting truth. "Frankly," he stated, "the segments of the industry that I have been familiar with need cleaning up very, very badly. The fishy stench that is characteristic of seafoods in the minds of so many customers just should not exist at all. There is no more excuse for an off-flavor or an off-odor in fish than there is in meat or poultry. The existence of such things results simply from low-quality standards and improper practices, that are characteristic of much of the fishing industry."

In calling for "some harsh measures" and criminal

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penalties, Mr. Wakefield noted that wide differences in the quality of seafood products presented to the housewife in supermarkets each day "make shopping for seafood akin to playing a slot machine."

Whatever legislation is enacted, the authority should not go to the industry-indentured Bureau of Commercial Fisheries. BCF is a promotion agency. To give it a safety role would be too much of a strain. The Bureau has been grading samples of frozen fish bought at retail stores, at the request of a trade group, the National Fisheries Institute. In one typical test, 55 percent of the breaded fish portions were so substandard that they could not even be graded. BCF has refused to make public the specific brand information for consumers, saying that the surveys were "specifically designed to assist the fish processing industry." So much for the housewife. Presumably she is left with the one rule of thumb: "If it smells strongly fishy, don't bite."

Supreme Court: Internal Security Cases

by Alexander M. Bickel

If we are in for a new wave of McCarthyism (of the old, destructive Joseph R. variety), it will come up against a stouter constitutional breakwater than the Vinson Court was prepared to erect in the forties and early fifties. The present Supreme Court has proceeded with some caution in reassessing statutes and regulations inspired by the Big Scare, but it has made short shrift of many of them. Thus it has struck down a whole series of state teacher oath statutes, a provision of the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950 indiscriminately forbidding all overseas travel by Communist Party members, and on December 11, another provision of the same Act, making it a crime for a member of the Communist Party to be employed in "any defense facility," as that term might be defined from time to time by the Secretary of Defense.

The Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950 was the handiwork of the late Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, and was passed over a vigorous and courageous veto by President Truman. McCarran builded better than he knew, for he created a Board to decide what was and what was not a Communist organization. His statute is now almost entirely gutted, and the Board sits on its hands when it sits at all, but it has provided an appropriate sinecure for a young protégé of President Johnson, and another for a friend of Senator Dirksen, and hence the Congress at the session just ended refused to abolish it, and indeed, by passing certain procedural amendments, tried to drum up some business for it. As patronage maneuvers go, the performance is perhaps more venial than truly venal, but it is easier to be indulgent of it coming from a senator than from a President, and at any rate, in a minor key it proves once again how readily patriotism becomes the last refuge of the scoundrel.

Aside from everything else, the McCarran Act is a wonderful anachronism, a milepost by which to measure how fast the world moves. The Act proscribes, and seeks to protect us against members of, "Communist-action" organizations and the like, which are defined as being "substantially directed, dominated, or controlled by the [repeat, *the*] foreign government or foreign organization controlling the world Communist movement. . . ." (The Subversive Activities Control Board is to make a finding that a given organization is so directed, etc., and in 1961, after some ten years of hearings and litigation, it was finally allowed to find that the Communist Party, U.S.A. is.) Something like the world that Senator McCarran perceived may have existed at one time, but it exists no longer. If there is now a single institution or government somewhere that controls "the world Communist movement," Premier Kosygin would doubtless like to have its address. This notorious fact might have constituted one blunt, total and perfectly appropriate ground for declaring the McCarran Act and all its works unconstitutional, for an elemental requirement of the Due Process Clause is that legislation be addressed to a recognizable reality. The upshot of such a holding would have been no imposition of any permanent disability on Congress to deal with problems of internal security. Rather Congress would have been forced to face up to the problem, if any, as it manifests itself today, regardless, one might add, of vested patronage interests.

The Supreme Court, however, rested its decision of December 11, in *United States v. Robel*, on a different proposition, which is likely to have more far-reaching significance in the event of a second outbreak of Mc-

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Carthyism. Under the Act, it makes no difference whether a member of the Communist Party himself believes in the violent overthrow of the government, or is ready to engage in sabotage, or is in any sense personally a security risk. Nor does it make any difference whether he works in any sort of sensitive position, or is a janitor or a window washer. He may not be employed in whatever the Secretary of Defense designates as a "defense facility," period. That, said the Court, is a greater intrusion upon the right of association, which the First Amendment guarantees, than can be justified by the security interest that Congress deemed to be at stake. The Court did not deny a power of government to guard security by restrictions on employment in government and in defense industry. All Communists can be barred from some jobs, and some Communists can be barred from all defense jobs. But Congress must cast a finer net, for as Chief Justice Warren said, in defending the nation, Congress must have a care also for the defense of "those values and ideals which set this Nation apart."

The same sort of reasoning enabled the Court to strike down teacher oath statutes, including, quite recently, those of New York and Maryland, which had been upheld some 15 years ago. And in the *Aptheker* case, the Court held that Communist Party members could not be denied passports by reason solely of their membership, whether or not they personally subscribed to an unlawful purpose of the party, and whatever the purpose of the travel they wished to undertake. Communists, the Court was suggesting, may at times be about nothing more sinister than visiting a sick aunt, and laws that do not bother to discriminate between sick-aunt travel, on the one hand, and even the remotest danger to the national security, on the other, are unconstitutional. Laws, moreover, are also unconstitutional if they penalize and deter misguided, even stupidly blind, and yet innocent, political activity as well as genuine subversion. This attitude of the Warren Court, had it prevailed 20 years earlier, would have resulted in a holding that the Smith Act was unconstitutional.

There is one area of security-minded restrictions on individual freedom, however, to which the Warren Court's attitude is not applicable, namely, prohibitions of travel formulated in terms, not of an individual's political or other affiliations, but of countries for which passports are generally stamped not valid. Currently, American passports are not valid for travel to Cuba, North Vietnam, North Korea, Communist China and Syria, and from time to time other countries are named. When an American citizen violates such a restriction, the State Department lifts his passport, as Staughton Lynd, and, just the other day, Stokely Carmichael found out. In *Zemel v. Rusk*, a couple of years ago, the Supreme Court held these restrictions valid. They are, of course, by their nature, precise. They are also temporary. Thus they do not on analysis turn out to reach sloppily farther than can be justified by the security interest that supports them. That interest is a traditional one of denying an unfriendly country the opportunity to earn tourist dollars, to create an exacerbating incident by maltreating American citizens, or to acquire hostages with whom to bargain with us for an advantage to itself. The interest so defined – and to it may be added the paternalistic one of keeping Americans out of harm's way – may be thought to outweigh the desirability of maintaining some contact with all parts of the world, friendly and not, or the desirability of contact may be thought to outweigh fears that can be viewed as farfetched. But farfetched or no, the fears are not irrational, the national interest is identifiable, and the measures taken to protect it are tailored to fit. They cover no more than is needful, once the fears and the interest are seen as real, even if debatable. In such circumstances, it is not for courts to intervene and remake political policy, and the Supreme Court has not.

But what happens when someone violates these country restrictions, as Stokely Carmichael just did, and his passport is lifted? That, at the moment, is a question without an authoritative answer. It is unlikely that the Supreme Court will allow the government simply not to give Carmichael, for example, a passport again under any conditions, and thus permanently to imprison him in the Western Hemisphere. On December 20, in a case brought by Staughton Lynd, who had been to North Vietnam, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia came close to holding that, although the government may lift a passport in such cases, it must then, under present statutory law, reissue it virtually upon demand. There is an old criminal statute forbidding travel without a valid passport, which the government not unreasonably sought to use in order to punish travel to a forbidden country, but the Supreme Court last January held the statute inapplicable. It was a close case, but this was one of those decisions which have the beneficent consequences of causing Congress either to reexamine an old policy in contemporary terms, or to let it lapse. It would be the part of wisdom, and would give our traditional benefit of the doubt to the claims of freedom, if we let this particular sleeping dog lie, but the Administration apparently thinks otherwise. Speaking through Undersecretary of State Katzenbach, the Administration has asked Congress for a new law making it a criminal offense to violate country restrictions stamped on American passports. The likelihood is that if Congress enacts such a law, the Court will sustain it.

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Dissenters and Deserters

by Edward F. Sherman

Early last month, another soldier, Private Richard Perrin, deserted from an American Army base in West Germany because of his opposition to the Vietnam war. Several weeks before, four airmen from the aircraft carrier *Intrepid* deserted in Japan for the same reason. With desertions of opponents of the war from American bases in Europe running over 60 a month (*The Times of London*, August 16, 1967) and with the rate in the Pacific even higher, the Pentagon is having to reassess its policies for dealing with the antiwar movement. (Because of a decision of the Court of Military Appeals, 30 days AWOL is no longer proof of intent to desert; so many deserters may still show up on the books as only AWOL; AWOL rates went up from 40 per thousand in 1960 to 51 per thousand in 1966, and the 1967 rate is said to be higher.)

Perrin volunteered for the Army after graduation from high school in Springfield, Vermont. His misgivings about the war were reinforced by contact with other like-minded GI's at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. When the military learned of an attempt to organize dissenting GI's at Ft. Sill, harassments followed. The post commander, two-star General "Charlie" Brown, called in a flock of intelligence agents and court-martialed most of the dissenters involved. Perrin, however, was then transferred to Germany, and there he made contact with a European antiwar group. He considered himself a "RITA" (Resist Inside the Military) – the new tactic of the antiwar movement whereby dissenters accept the draft and stay in the Army so that they can organize resistance within. Perrin found, however, that his effectiveness was increasingly limited. He decided to desert and work from outside.

The military has operated on the assumption that threat of court-martial will bring most men into line. One of the first to fall afoul of the military was a young second lieutenant, Henry H. Howe, Jr., who carried an anti-Johnson sign in a rally in downtown El Paso, while off duty. He was convicted in a general court-martial and sentenced to two years (later reduced to one) at hard labor. For a time the example made of Lt. Howe seemed to work. Servicemen who opposed the Administration's Vietnam policies found it safer not to say so and avoided participation in outside antiwar activities. However, the military's reprieve did not last long. The antiwar movement began to devote more resources and time to encouraging servicemen to dissent and desert. And in response, the brass seem to be pushing for harsher policies. Soldiers abroad are encountering pass restrictions designed to keep them away from peace organizers. Servicemen suspected of antiwar feelings are often followed by intelligence agents, and CI (Criminal Investigation) and MI (Military Intelligence) agents are being shifted into trouble spots to such an extent that at Ft. Sill last summer they substantially outnumbered the dissenting GI's. A new "information" program has been developed by the Pentagon to warn the troops not to associate with "peace agitators" and impress upon them the penalties for dissent and desertion.

What has particularly disturbed the military is the ability of the antiwar movement to penetrate military installations with their message. Antiwar literature

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keeps cropping up on day room magazine racks at basic training camps in the middle of Southwestern deserts and Georgia swamps; soldiers who oppose the war seem to be able to locate each other and carry on organizing activities under the noses of the authorities; ship intelligence officers are annoyed when peace literature appears on board despite shakedown inspections. It is even more difficult to insulate servicemen abroad. Soldiers stationed in Germany have been finding antiwar leaflets on their cars when they park off post; Danish students have organized to talk about the war to GI's when they come into town; members of the German Socialist Union in Frankfurt penetrated servicemen's quarters with leaflets inviting them to meet at the Post Exchange, and hundreds of GI's came despite a cordon of police and MP's. (See *The New York Times*, October 29, 1967 – "War Foes Change Tactics in Europe: Urge GI's to stay in Army to Spread Propaganda.") Last month, the Supreme Court declined to consider the appeal of Air Force Captain Dale Noyd, who had refused to train fighter pilots because he considers the US the aggressor in Vietnam and the war immoral.

Uncompromising dissenters have received generally harsh court-martial sentences, and most are still behind bars. Privates Dennis Mora, James Johnson and David Samas (known as the Ft. Hood Three) are serving three years for refusal to board a troop ship for Vietnam; Captain Howard Levy three years for refusal to teach Green Beret troops ("The Conviction of Captain Levy," *NR*, June 17, 1967); Seaman Apprentice Bert K. Kanewske eight months for refusal to wear a uniform; Private Odom Weber one year for refusal to draw a rifle.

Captain Levy's defiance, despite publicity it gave to dissent within the military and its value as a test case, appeared to many as another futile act, and members of the movement began to realize sometime last spring that this type of protest was enabling the military to pick off individual dissenters one by one. The "RITA" (sometimes called "AITA" for Act Inside the Army) strategy was then formulated. Two types of resistance activities by "RITA" soldiers were deemed feasible: encouraging dissent permissible under the law; and illegal acts, such as disruption or desertion.

The GI who had once been written off as unreachable was now a key target for propaganda. Several groups began designing special literature aimed at him. An antiwar group in Berkeley began last spring to publish the "first antiwar serviceman's newspaper" (called *The Bond*), a monthly containing military news with emphasis on protest movements, courts-martial of dissenters, examples of favoritism of officers over enlisted men and racism in the military, and legal advice for dissenters. Antiwar groups began to add more GI names to their mailing lists and to provide boxes of literature for activists in the military. And finally, plans began to be drawn up for organizing dissenters on military reservations. The SDS at its convention last July stated that it "encourages chapters and draft resistance unions to aid servicemen in disseminating information about conscientious objection and the war in Vietnam as well as aiding them in opposition and disruption inside the armed services."

The first attempt to organize dissent at an Army installation was made last summer at Ft. Sill by the Youth Against War and Fascism. YAWF is a loosely organized conglomeration of left-wingers, most of them in their twenties, heavily oriented toward Marxism. Its headquarters is a loft on West 27th Street near Manhattan's garment district, where, surrounded by posters showing President Johnson running a bayonet through a Vietnamese peasant and signs proclaiming support for rebels in Bolivia, Indonesia, Angola and Venezuela, its members developed a campaign to organize dissenting GI's at Ft. Sill, the sprawling artillery post where some 45,000 soldiers are stationed and trained. The inside man was Private Andy Stapp, an articulate young draftee who had been talking to fellow GI's ever since his arrival at Ft. Sill and handing out antiwar literature. Stapp found that there were a number of soldiers who shared his views about the war and he started getting them together. Private Perrin was one of the group: "It wasn't until I got to Ft. Sill that I got literature . . . look[ed] up Andy Stapp who had just been court-martialed for antiwar activities. From Andy I found out about the Ft. Hood Three, Capt. Levy, Pfc. Luftig, Lt. Howe, Pfc. Petrick, GI's at Ft. Dix and Ft. Lewis. I wasn't alone . . . the antiwar movement had answers. I shared this material with the guys in the barracks, and they'd shake their heads and say 'Don't say it,' with a what-can-we-do expression on their faces. But they'd always come back and ask for more literature about the war."

The Army has a variety of pressures to discourage a soldier from saying the wrong things – warnings from his sergeant that he'd better "wise up," daily harassment in inspections, job details, refusal of passes, filtering word to the other soldiers that he is a "pinko" and should be avoided, withdrawal of security clearance. But Stapp did not react to pressures. The authorities then moved to seize the books and pamphlets in his foot locker. Stapp obtained more literature, and when the authorities prepared to make another seizure, he refused to open his foot locker, claiming a violation of his First Amendment rights. Now the Army had what it needed, refusal to obey an order. The foot locker was broken open with an axe, and Stapp was court-martialed. That was the signal for

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seven YAWF members to drive down from New York to Ft. Sill and set themselves up in a motel just off base. They attended Stapp's special court-martial trial and when he was sentenced to 45 days, they noisily demonstrated in the courtroom. A friend of Stapp's, Private Paul Ilg, was arrested after accusing the law officer of having "trampled the Constitution" and calling another officer a "perjurer." Later in the day, a third soldier, Specialist 5 Paul Gaedtke, refused a work assignment in protest over Stapp's conviction and was given nonjudicial punishment for malingering.

The YAWF people stayed on after the court-martial and set up evening discussion groups in their motel room for soldiers. Surveillance was set up by the brass on soldiers known to associate with Stapp, and their pass privileges were curbed. One night three soldiers were arrested for pass violations after leaving the YAWF motel. Then Stapp was arrested on a charge of attending an on-post movie outside the area to which he was restricted. Summary courts-martial for Stapp and Private Perrin, were set for July 31.

About a week before their courts-martial, the local Lawton, Oklahoma, newspaper ran a headline article pinpointing the motel as the base of operations for left-wingers. An angry crowd of several hundred gathered outside the motel demanding that the organizers be thrown out. The nervous motel owner ordered the organizers to leave and when they refused, they were arrested and charged with trespassing. They posted bond, and then two days before the courts-martial, they were served with letters from the post commander barring them from entering the post.

The rest is like a TV serial. Early on the morning of the courts-martial, a number of cars carrying the YAWF organizers and some sympathetic University of Oklahoma students set out for Ft. Sill, with police cars trailing them and, believe it or not, helicopters whirling overhead. The cars were stopped at a road block at the fort and two of the primary organizers, 29-year-old Mrs. Maryann Weissman and 24-year-old Key Martin, were arrested. The courts-martial were held as scheduled, without a YAWF audience this time, and Private Perrin received the maximum 30-day sentence while an Emergency Civil Liberty Committee lawyer succeeded in having the charges against Stapp dismissed for lack of evidence. When Stapp returned to his barracks, he was cheered. ("They may not agree with us," one YAWF member commented, "but they're happy to see Andy give it to the brass.") Stapp was transferred to another unit the next day (his troubles aren't over; he faces a field board hearing January 9 to discharge him with a less-than-honorable discharge), Perrin was sent to Germany, and the Army prepared to take on the two YAWF organizers.

Maryann Weissman and Key Martin were tried for trespassing on government property in the federal court in Lawton, and the brass attended in force. General "Charlie" Brown testified that they had constituted a serious danger to military discipline and that he had discussed the "rumblings on the base" with the Pentagon. The jury took 12 minutes to find them guilty, and Federal Judge Luther Bohanon sentenced them to six months in jail, fined them $500 each and remarked that although this was only a petty offense, "acts of lowering the morale of the troops at Ft. Sill are a serious matter." The American Civil Liberties Union lawyer who represented the organizers promptly gave notice of appeal.

Things have quieted down at Ft. Sill, but organizing attempts by dissenters have been breaking out at other installations. Soldiers at Ft. Lewis, Washington, and Ft. Dix, New Jersey, who oppose the war had a short-lived organization going. MP's had to be called out at the Presidio in San Francisco last November to quell a demonstration by some 75 war protesters at the court-martial of Pfc. Ronald Lockman, a 23-year-old Negro who refused to go to Vietnam. Pfc. Howard Petrick has been active in passing out antiwar literature at Ft. Hood, Texas, and only the legal assistance of the Emergency Civil Liberties Union kept him from court-martial last year for attending a convention of the Trotskyist Young Socialist Alliance while on leave. On October 3, there was a riot at Ft. Hood by several hundred men of the 198th Light Infantry Brigade which was due to leave for Vietnam in several days. *The Rag*, a radical Austin, Texas, newspaper, published accounts by a Ft. Hood private and a Texas law student that the men rioted because "they knew that going to Vietnam meant almost certain death for many of them and, as the rioting proved, the men don't want to die needlessly." The Army released a statement that there had been a scuffle over cutting off beer at the service club and that reports from the 198th in Vietnam show that morale is high. It is hard to cut through the hyperbole of both the radical press and the military to find the truth, but the incident does indicate that antiwar activity on a post can create an atmosphere receptive to a breakdown of discipline.

The antiwar movement may receive an added push when the court-martialed dissenters begin to come out of the jails. The Ft. Hood Three, for example, will be released in October. Letters from them do not indicate any slackening of revolutionary fervor. (Private Mora wrote from Ft. Leavenworth last year: "It has been 95 days since we were asked to go to a 'non-lethal' Asian murder. I can honestly say that I am 95 times as convinced of the justness and rightness of my decision.") Mora's sister, Mrs. Grace Newman, has been keeping the Ft. Hood Three Defense Committee going

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in anticipation of their return. Mrs. Newman went to North Vietnam in 1966, had an audience with Ho Chi Minh ("a gentle, very impressive man"), saw the start of the Red Guards in China, and brought back bomb fragments to prove that antipersonnel bombs were being used in Vietnam. She is a large, emotional woman, who, with her brother, grew up in Spanish Harlem and was heavily influenced by the revolutionary spirit of her father, an anti-Franco Spaniard.

The few successes of the antiwar movement in the military have resulted from clandestine organizing, purposeful disruption, and large-scale desertion. More moderate dissenters have only harsh court-martial sentences to show for their pains. The military may, however, be forced by civilian courts to tolerate dissent. Two appeals, the Howe and Levy cases, are challenging the constitutionality of courts-martial of dissenters and are now working their way through the appeals procedure. Lt. Howe's case involves his conviction for two vague military crimes, "conduct unbecoming an officer" and using "contemptuous words against the President," because he carried a sign which read "Let's Have More Than A Choice Between Petty Ignorant Fascists In 1968" and "End Johnson Fascist Aggression in Vietnam." Howe's appeal, which is being handled by the ACLU, claims that his conviction is a violation of his right to free speech.

Clearly the military does have the right to set standards of conduct for its officers in order to preserve order and discipline, but the problem in the Howe case is that there was no clear proof that Howe's conduct threatened military order and discipline. The rally he attended was not aimed at soldiers; only a couple of soldiers saw it, and no one would have known Howe was in the military had he not been arrested and prosecuted. However, the Army viewed the Howe case as a precedent. When Howe was paroled after serving part of his sentence, the general counsel of the Department of the Army, Alfred B. Fitt, wrote a rather amazing letter to the ACLU: "I want to make it very clear that Howe is not to make public attacks on the character of the President or otherwise play a public role which might tend to cause disaffection in the armed forces. Specifically, so long as he is subject to military jurisdiction, Howe should refrain from pamphleteering or participation in meetings, rallies, conferences and the like where it might reasonably be expected that his personal views concerning the President, our presence in Vietnam, the obligation of soldiers and related topics would come to public attention. Should he do so, revocation of his parole and other appropriate disciplinary action will follow."

The ACLU replied that this was a "brazen attempt" to suppress free speech and that it would advise Howe to go on saying whatever he pleased. Howe continued his public appearances, and the Army did not take disciplinary action against him. However, the Court of Military Appeals upheld his conviction this summer, and the case now goes on appeal to the federal courts.

The other important test case is Levy's court-martial. Captain Levy, a 30-year-old Brooklyn dermatologist stationed at Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, was quite obviously a misfit in the military; he put up a fuss about joining the officers' club; he flouted the distinctions of rank by waving back to saluting enlisted men and calling nonofficers "Sir"; he shunned military company to spend his free time working with Negroes in civil rights activities; and he continually nettled his military associates with outspoken criticisms of the Vietnam war. With only two months left in the Army, he was hauled before a general court-martial and sentenced to three years at hard labor for disobeying an order to teach Green Beret troops and for speaking disparagingly about the war.

The military maintains that Levy's criticisms constituted a threat to order and discipline at Ft. Jackson. Levy argues that his criticisms were not very different from those expressed by Senator J. William Fulbright and other public figures, and that although his words might have unsettled some soldiers, this is precisely the type of speech which the First Amendment was intended to protect.

There is no doubt that a soldier is not entitled to all the rights which a civilian possesses. The soldier cannot quit his job, go on strike, tell off his supervisor, or drop his responsibilities at the end of the work day. But the Levy case raises the question whether over three million men can be deprived of the right to criticize their government. Like many constitutional questions, this one will have to be decided by a balancing of rights, the soldier's right to free speech (and the interest of society in having a free exchange of ideas) against the military's need to maintain order and discipline (and the interest of society in having an effective fighting force).

A reversal of the Howe or Levy cases by the federal courts would force a considerable change in the military's attitude toward dissenters, and it is not, of course, inconceivable that the military itself may find it in its best interests to soften its policy. It has been suggested, for example, that the military would be better off by simply discharging strong opponents of the war rather than attempting to make examples of them with harsh court-martial sentences. At the moment, however, there is no indication of any softening of the Pentagon's attitude. And an increase in disruption and desertion – certainly a fair possibility if a substantial number of graduate students are drafted this year – will probably only bring harsher reprisals.

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Is Desegregation Impractical?

by Robert Schwartz, Thomas Pettigrew and Marshall Smith

Those who want to slow down or abandon school desegregation efforts point to the racial demography of our cities: four of five Negroes who live in metropolitan areas reside in central cities, while half of metropolitan whites reside in suburbs. Emphasizing New York City and Washington, D.C., as urban prototypes, they conclude that school integration in our time is simply impractical.

That conclusion is correct, we believe, only if one: ignores the majority of American cities which are not likely ever to resemble either New York or Washington; assumes that Negro ghettos will not extend into suburbs (as Chicago's western ghetto will soon expand into Oak Park); assumes that the single site model of so-called "neighborhood" schools will dominate future school plans despite its un-economic features; assumes that the overwhelmingly white parochial systems in key central cities will not cooperate more and more with public systems; assumes that virtually all school district and municipal boundaries will remain as they are; and assumes that metropolitan cooperation in public education will not grow, despite its economic attractions and the possibility of future federal incentives.

In evaluating these five critical assumptions, the reader should keep in mind a demographic reality: approximately the same percentages of Negro and white Americans live in the nation's 212 metropolitan areas – roughly two-thirds of each group. As soon as we grasp that fact, the question of numbers acquires a different dimension. Even metropolitan Washington, D.C. has many more white than Negro school children, and this racial ratio has not radically changed in recent years.

But is metropolitan cooperation or consolidation possible, or is it a utopian dream? Were it necessary solely as a device for schools integrating, we would admit it is, perhaps, utopian. Yet the forces pushing metropolitanism are far deeper. Duplication of services throughout the multiple municipalities of our typical metropolitan area are grossly expensive, and the pressures on local budgets are generating cross-boundary cooperation in many realms. Two large southern cities – Miami, Dade County, and Nashville, Davidson County – have gone the full route and consolidated their metropolitan areas.

When metropolitan cooperation for racial integration alone occurs *without* financial incentives, we regard it as an important precedent. Thus, we deem the modest Rochester, Hartford, and Boston experiments as significant forerunners, even though the transporting of small numbers of Negro children to already-existing, predominantly white suburban schools is not an ultimate solution.

Once the Vietnam war mercifully draws to a close and federal funds are again available for new domestic initiatives, major support for school construction will almost certainly become a reality. How will it be spent? It could be spent largely by central cities to build fine new facilities deep in the ghetto – and thereby institutionalize school segregation for future generations. Or it could be used for metropolitan complexes drawing from large and heterogeneous attendance areas. Such school construction funds could be restricted to voluntary, suburban-central city consortia and thus become a powerful incentive for metropolitan cooperation in education. Unlikely? Well, a similar federal program for metropolitan cooperation in sewage disposal has been operating for some years.

Platitudes about school integration being an ideal and ultimate goal are worthless if by our actions, we put off the day indefinitely. No one claims that achieving racial integration will be easy. Yet if the effort is judged impractical even before it is made, the prejudgment becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Why integrate? Isn't it possible that quality education can be provided Negroes in ghetto schools? It all depends on one's definition of quality. Most of the debate over compensatory education to date has been on the traditional definition: the attainment of grade level scores on standardized achievement tests.

By this criterion the case for quality *segregated* schooling remains to be proved, for no compensatory program to date *in ghetto schools* has enabled its students to reach and *sustain* grade level achievement. We refer those who wish documentation of this assertion to Chapter Four of the US Civil Rights Commission's Report, *Racial Isolation in the Public Schools*, in which the results of compensatory ghetto programs in St. Louis, New York City, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Berkeley, and Seattle are discussed in detail. Although substantial claims have been made for the More Ef-

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fective Schools program, the most recent independent evaluation (performed by the Center for Urban Education) does not support these claims. The final verdict on MES cannot be rendered until the first class has come through the full pre-kindergarten to sixth grade MES cycle. The evidence to date, however, does not encourage optimism.

By contrast there is a growing body of evidence to support the view that racial and social class integration has a positive effect on the academic achievement of both whites and Negroes. Perhaps the strongest evidence of this sort comes from the Equality of Education Opportunity Survey and from the re-analysis data reported in the Commission on Civil Rights report. In both reports the authors conclude that the social composition of the student body is more highly related to achievement than is any other characteristic of the school. The influence of fellow students cuts across regional, racial, and social class boundaries and becomes more intense as the student gets older. Children of all backgrounds tend to do better in schools with predominantly middle-class composition – and this is especially true in the later grades.

The lower-class white child in a predominantly lower-class school will probably perform badly when contrasted to his counterpart in a school with more advantaged students. The middle-class Negro student in a predominantly middle-class school in the Northeast tends to perform at grade level regardless of whether the school is predominantly Negro or white.

On educational achievement grounds the case for integration might be weakened if the Negro middle-class were of larger than token size. But it isn't and the result is that predominantly Negro schools are highly likely to be predominantly lower-class schools. Essentially, then, effective *social class* integration requires *racial* integration.

Within the past months a number of studies evaluating local efforts to desegregate schools have been reported. The school authorities in four cities – Syracuse and White Plains, New York; Kansas City, Missouri; and Berkeley, California – have studied the effects of planned and compulsory desegregation upon the achievement of Negroes and of whites. The results are encouraging to proponents of integration. In particular they speak to the charge that integration will harm the advantaged student while aiding the disadvantaged; in none of the cities did the achievement level of the integrated white students drop below its former level.

So far our discussion of educational quality has been solely in terms of standardized achievement tests. But there are those in Harlem and other ghetto communities who are speaking out against this single criterion. Their argument is that standardized achievement tests are "culturally biased" in favor of middle-class norms and values; and since, in their view, middle-class American life is corrupt, Negroes should set their own goals and develop a curriculum which will build upon the strengths of their own culture.

We are sympathetic with such feelings, but they raise a major practical difficulty. For all their inadequacies, standardized tests do tend to measure the kinds of abilities that are rewarded in the job market. It is all very well for those who have made it into the middle class to reject the kinds of achievement measured on these tests, but the ghetto Negro simply cannot afford to, for such achievement is his ticket out of the ghetto. We may not like this, but until the United States is willing to undertake some form of substantial income redistribution, "standard" educational attainment remains the Negro's best hope for breaking out of poverty.

We believe that there *is* a case to be made for decentralization and more community participation in the running of the schools, just as there is a strong argument for compensatory education, but only as these policies *accompany* the drive for integration rather than substitute for it. There is no question that school systems in large cities are overly bureaucratic and inflexible, and that they should become more responsive to local needs. We support the notion of strengthening the authority of school principals and their faculties, and we share the hope that increased participation by parents in the life of the school will have a salutary effect on the motivation of the children.

But if these ideas make sense for segregated schools, they should make even more sense for integrated ones. Similarly, if teaching techniques are developed in compensatory programs to capitalize on reduced pupil ratios, these techniques should prove effective in an integrated setting. Integration *by itself* is not going to be enough to close the achievement gap. If experiments in decentralization prove to have a positive impact on achievement, these findings should influence our planning for *all* schools.

Incidentally, the educational complexes of the future can also maximize parental involvement and decentralization. Though the size of these multiple-school complexes is often cited as antithetical to local participation, numerous educational innovations have been suggested to counter this: parental school boards for the complex with everything but taxing-power; smaller individual schools than are now economically possible for "neighborhood" schools; athletic, theatrical, medical, and other facilities so superb that adults would wish to employ the complex as a community center. Quality takes on a new dimension when we think in these terms.

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If from the vantage point of the ghetto today, control of segregated schools is seen as the only realistic goal, whites must bear the blame, for we are the ones who have eliminated the alternative of integration in our largest cities and forced Negroes to choose among second bests. In New York City, for example, the demand for black control of Intermediate School 201 arose only after the Board had betrayed its public promise that the school would open integrated. Given the choices before him, the Negro may be acting rationally to opt for self-determination and local control. But we, after all, are part of the majority, and the cruel truth is that the decision to integrate lies for the most part with whites.

One last word. The case for integration is basically a legal and moral one, not a "scientific" one. We must integrate not simply because Negro achievement scores are helped, but because our survival depends on it. If we are to endure as a nation, we cannot produce another generation of white bigots. In the light of this political reality, integration seems not only feasible but essential.

South Vietnam Leaders

The Prime Minister of South Vietnam, Nguyen Van Loc, is a 45-year-old lawyer who has written some passable novels and whose favorite author is Dostoevski. The Premier is a pessimist. When he presented his "action program" to the people last November, he said: "The scale of values of our society has been upset by events. The result is the society is eroded and everyone has become discontented and cynical. It seems to many of us that there is little hope of us getting what we want and what we are entitled to, and little chance to hold onto what we have."

Nevertheless, Loc's program is ambitious and includes land reform, financial reform, and eradication of corruption. Although it has been featured in the programs of several previous South Vietnamese governments, land reform has never been implemented. As for corruption, there are in Saigon, four night clubs that employ over 300 "dance hostesses" and 160 bars that employ over 20,000 "bar girls." The two most luxurious nightclubs – Maxim's and Chez Jo Mercel – are owned by General Ky and General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the director of police. Back of every bar and every nightclub, there is invariably a South Vietnamese government official, also a representative of the Viet Cong whose job is to collect protection money. One Vietnamese commenting on President Johnson's invitation to Ho Chi Minh to meet on a neutral ship in a neutral sea, said: "The best place to start negotiations isn't a ship, or Geneva, or the United Nations. It is in a Saigon nightclub. There you will always find an American, a Vietnamese general, and a member of the Viet Cong. Also, it's more pleasant in many ways than being on a ship."

Saigon, of course, isn't the only place in South Vietnam with nightclubs and bar girls. Recently the so-called "Hill of Pleasure" opened its doors to the public just outside Pleiku. This pleasure complex includes 60 dancehalls and "teahouses," not to mention steam baths and beauty parlors. As with everything else in South Vietnam, the way to get rid of a problem is to move it away to where visiting journalists and congressmen may overlook it, and then make it bigger.

South Vietnam's military junta has managed to turn itself into a civilian government, but with the same generals in power. Premier Loc's government contains the same old faces the Vietnamese have been looking at ever since the time of the French, and of Bao Dai. It is actually a victory for General Nguyen Cao Ky, the number two man who wants to return to being number one. Most of the power is in the hands of four generals, all of whom are close friends of Vice President Ky: the minister of defense, Gen. Nguyen Van Vy; the minister of the interior, Gen. Linh Quang Vien; the minister of pacification, Gen. Nguyen Bao Tri; and the head of police, General Loan. However, the President of South Vietnam, General Thieu, is planning to consolidate *his* power. Having made his closest friend and adviser, Nguyen Van Huong, secretary general to the president, Thieu will replace Loc by Huong when he feels strong enough.

President Thieu, however, is no more confident about the future than Premier Loc is. Thieu told the British journalist Henry Brandon in November: "The main reason the Viet Cong remain so strongly entrenched in the Mekong Delta is that people there still believe there is little difference between the French whom they called colonialists, and the Americans whom they call imperialists." Thieu emphasized that "we must talk about peace because our people long for an end of the war." But Thieu's main preoccupation is neither peace nor the Americans, it is his struggle for power with Vice President Ky. The two of them are wrestling for control of the army and the provinces, and Thieu has indicated that about half the provincial governors who were named by Ky when he was premier, are to be replaced. All the governors are military men, and all military officers who hope to become provincial chiefs undergo training at the National Revolutionary Development Center at Vung Tau. Already more than 50 officers from major to colonel are being admitted for training. One wonders who will be left to take charge of the fighting at the DMZ and elsewhere that General Westmoreland projected for the South Vietnamese Army in phase three of his recent blueprint for victory.

TRAN VAN DINH

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

In Lukewarm Blood

Headlights gleam out of the dark, a jazz-beat thrums on the soundtrack, and the film of *In Cold Blood* is off in a cloud of commonplaces. The director, Richard Brooks, who also wrote the screenplay derived from Truman Capote's book, has often been drawn to literary works of merit – from *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Lord Jim* down to *Elmer Gantry* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. In each case, he has applied the requisite amount of higher-browed commercialism, and in at least one case – *Lord Jim* – he came up with a pretty good movie. I am one of the minority who think that the Capote work belongs on that small shelf of enormously overpraised American books of the last decade, along with *By Love Possessed*, *Ship of Fools*, and *The Group*, but I thought that *In Cold Blood* might make a good film. Shorn of its purple patches and endless superfluous detail, it might have marched relentlessly from its four private murders to its two public murders. It needed the steely oil-lock precision of John Huston's *Asphalt Jungle* or the compassionate horror of André Cayatte's *We Are All Murderers*. Dilutions of these qualities seep through Brooks' film occasionally, but in general it manages to be both banal and desperately tricky.

In Cold Blood
(Columbia)

Bedazzled
(20th Century-Fox)

Partly this is Brooks' own mediocrity, partly it is (I think) because of his response to the book's shortcomings. Some instances of the first: Brooks relies much too readily on the clichés of gangster films, like the flows and ebbs of bickering between the two killers, which though largely factual are made to seem hackneyed fiction because of the director's derivative approach. He shows the same movie-izing touch in his handling of place: he shot much of this film on location in Kansas, and he manages to make real buildings – homes, courtrooms, etc. – look like studio sets. The psychological flashbacks to "explain" Perry Smith – none of which is done for Hickock – are pedestrian, and the subjective touches are Kansas corn. (On the gallows Perry sees his hangman, for a moment, as his father.) The editing is burdened with equally corny matching shots: we cut from Farmer Clutter shaving to Perry shaving, from a woman's scream to an ambulance siren, from a cigarette butt tossed into a river to a drag-magnet plopping into a river.

For the second matter, there is the fundamental subject of *point*. I deplored the lack of it in my review of the book (*NR*, Jan. 22, 1966) and the iteration of the word "existential" in other reviews did not console me. Clearly Brooks also saw this lack in the book. It is possible that the early Huston's coldness or Cayatte's empathy or the rarified view of the Bresson in *Pickpocket* might have made the film version a kind of god's-eye view of foolish, futile human behavior, but Brooks has neither the vision nor the ability to compensate thus for Capote's shortcomings. Instead, Brooks scrabbles for pat moralistic apothegms. At the gallows a young reporter asks an older one whether he knows the hangman's name. The facile sardonic answer: "We the people." And after the executions, the old reporter says, with stage rue, "Maybe this will help to stop it."

That young reporter is worth comment. In the prison sequence I found myself wondering, " Where's Capote?" He had visited the killers often in prison and had been present at the hangings. Brooks evidently anticipated the question and put in this unnamed sleek-haired young man as vicar.

The score by Quincy Jones is bombastic and tries painfully to supply excitement when little is apparent on the screen. The film's main assets are the performances of the killers; Robert Blake as Perry and Scott Wilson as Dick work hard to give credibility to this strangely fictitious quasi-documentary. There is also a good grizzled and sodden vignette of Perry's father by Charles McGraw.

After the much-touted Brooks film, a very non-sleepy "sleeper." *Bedazzled* was written by Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, two of the four authors of *Beyond the Fringe* in which they also appeared. They also appear in *Bedazzled*, and Moore, an accomplished musician, wrote the score. They have had the nerve to take the Faust-Mephistopheles theme – yet again – and raise some hell with it.

Moore, who looks like a dour, shy elf, plays a short-order cook in a London hamburger joint, infatuated with a waitress (Eleanor Bron) who gives him nothing but short orders. Cook, who resembles a racehorse on his hindlegs that has learned to speak, is the friendly devil. One day he appears in Moore's dingy bed-sitter and offers him seven wishes in return for the classical price. Moore accepts. All seven wishes have to do with his passion for the waitress and all of them are frustrated, usually by the devil himself in the Old Nick of time.

The premise is unpromising, but the result, for the most part, is highly amusing. Cook and Moore are like excellent party guests; it seems as if they have just got out of their chairs next to us and are cavorting to entertain us. This gives it all an air of impromptu and intimacy. Some of the gags are much poorer than they ought to be in a film by this bright pair, particularly a scene with the voice of God, and some of the sex gags fall flat with a new flatness in these days of liberality. (The old saw about dirty jokes will now have to be altered to: "I don't mind if it's sexy as long as it's *really* sexy.") But most of it crackles along cleverly. The devil's magic transforma-

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Books and the Arts

A Restive Spirit

by John Simon

The typical 18th-century man may have been psychologically split, but believed himself to be whole. Not until the 19th century did it become fashionable to be openly torn apart and secretly proud of it. In this, as in many other respects, Restif de la Bretonne (1734-1806) was ahead of his times. For a bifurcated writer and paradoxical human being, the apogee of Romanti-

Monsieur Nicolas
by Restif de la Bretonne
translated by Robert Baldick
(Clarkson Potter; $6)

cism could scarcely provide one better; Restif was peasant and Parisian, moralist and immoralist, obsessed by the truth yet compelled to embroider it. A polygrapher who poured out some 240 (mostly indifferent) volumes, he produced one eccentric but thoroughgoing masterpiece. There was hardly a book of his without revolutionary social or scientific ideas to be realized by the future, or without passages of penetrating forthrightness, whose worth also remained largely for the future to realize.

The son of a prosperous farmer and wine-grower, Nicolas Edme Rétif (he later refined the spelling and added the name of the paternal estate, La Bretonne) was briefly educated at two Jansenist seminaries run by his half-brothers. One school was closed down, the other closed its doors to him for having written a licentious poem. His boyhood was spent mostly around his native Sacy, enjoying the works and pastimes of the country. He would have gladly followed in his father's footsteps, but was deemed too intelligent for farming. Whether to save or ruin this plowboy, his father apprenticed him at sixteen to the printer Fournier in Auxerre. This was a useful position from which to undertake one's education, not to mention one's sentimental education, paying fervent homage to the promiscuous printer's virtuous, unhappy wife while wreaking havoc among the town's available young girls.

Restif became a hard-working journeyman printer and hard-playing womanizer. As he wrote later, "It is this ability to get back to work after a meal, an amusement, or a business deal which has set me apart from my fellow printers all my life." But the interest in Mme. Fournier, whom he attempted unsuccessfully to possess, eventually cost him his job with his boorish employer. This entire section of Restif's life reads like an episode from *The Red and the Black*.

At not quite 21, Restif arrived in Paris, which, except for two or three quite short periods, he was never again to leave. He worked long hours, often close to starvation, but, capable printer that he was, he survived, even if lacking the money to go home for his father's funeral. Repeatedly running away from potentially right women ("I always fled from everything which could give me happiness or peace of mind"), he ended up marrying in 1760 Agnès Lebègue, a shrew with literary pretensions, who may or may not have been the whorish termagant Restif depicted her as, but who, in any case, was the wrong woman for this difficult Don Juan. Many years, separations, and acrimonious clashes later, the two were divorced (1794). Their surviving offspring were the daughters Agnès and Marion, alternatingly the bane and balm of Restif's life: sometimes, out of the depth of impecuniousness, he had to support them; sometimes it is they who fished him out of his poverty, overwork, and prostration from venereal and other diseases. Agnès married a sadist, Augé, with whom Restif was continually on the warpath and who, under the Revolution, almost got his father-in-law guillotined.

Meanwhile, Restif had decided that some of the fiction he had to print for a living was so poor that he could surely do as well or better. In 1767 his first novel came out; in 1775 his first success, *The Perverted Peasant*. Like most of his fiction, it is autobiographical, the story of a country boy's corruption by the City, its immoral sophisticates and venal courtesans. Restif was now a writer and wencher, associating with cheap prostitutes when impoverished, with fancier ones when his books paid off, and occasionally having the requisite luck and leisure for a genuine love affair, which, however, always managed to end unhappily.

Restif's writings would easily occupy a forty-foot shelf. They cover the fields of fiction, drama, biography, autobiography, sociology, science, politics, not to mention the verses of his youth. In his various works he predicted the disasters of the Revolution, aerial warfare, modern city planning, collective farms, and much more. He has been called the true father of socialism whose ideas Fourier plagiarized, and certainly Restif was a good Christian communist all his life, generously sharing what little he had. His tracts concerned themselves with extensive socio-political reforms, covering everything from theatre to prostitution. His fictions and nonfictions interpenetrate; both tell a great deal about 18th century life, particularly its lesser known byways. Restif's masterpiece is his autobiography, *Monsieur Nicolas*, now translated by Robert Baldick and published in a hefty one-volume edition.

Should we be grateful for this? The translator's liminal note implies that the omissions of this edition, except for the final episode, the story of Sara, are unimportant: "attempts at verse . . . sentimental effusions . . . tediously repetitive accounts of . . . sexual prowess." But the story of Sara is a

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Proustian gem, the chronicle of Restif's Swann-Odette relationship with the daughter of his landlady; the writer, well into his forties and enjoying a brief period of prosperity, is bled dry by a faithless and mercenary teen-ager with whom he is obsessed. As for the verses, effusions, sexual exploits, they are what constitutes the bizarreness, uniqueness, and lovable psycho-sexual bric-a-brac of this book: they are Restif. The best modern French edition of *Monsieur Nicolas* comes in six sizable volumes; cutting these down to one is not to be passed over with Baldick's laconic note, ending on the upbeat assertion that none of the omissions has been dictated by "prudery or 'good taste'." True, but not good enough.

There are whole episodes missing from this abridgment, just as there are others reduced to dangling, barely comprehensible bits. Nor is Baldick above howlers, as when he translates *envie* as "envy," *crapuleux* (low or sordid) as "crapulous" (in English, only inebriated), or *deux jumelles* (female twins) redundantly as "two twin sisters." His English is sometimes independently inadequate, as when he uses "fulsome" or the verb "intrigue" in a positive sense, or falls into syntactic clumsiness. Not that Restif's French is the pinnacle of elegance; but it is, except for his quirkily Shavian simplified spelling, correct. On the other hand, we do now have some idea in English of this remarkable autobiography, conceived along similar lines as Rousseau's but, apparently, before Rousseau; a work of greater outspokenness and zest than the *Confessions* and one that no less a critic than Paul Valéry placed far above the latter. Maybe we ought to be grateful.

Monsieur Nicolas is somewhat of a problem because we cannot always tell what is fiction in it, what truth. The peasant in Restif wanted fantastic tales that could yet, somehow, be true; the Parisian in him craved truths stranger than fiction. What he came up with was a fictionalized autobiography, or a pre-Capotean non-fiction novel. "It can be called his fiction," wrote Wilhelm von Humboldt, "but the real inner truth is truer to nature than art, forever idealized."

The autobiography covers not only what I have already related of Restif's life; it continues through many upheavals to the final period of indigence, when Restif had to become his own printer, indeed to save paper by setting his book directly into type without the mediation of a manuscript. The support or admiration of Beaumarchais, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Crébillon *fils*, the Encyclopedist Mercier, Benjamin Franklin, recognition beyond the border from Goethe and Schiller; invitations into high society were slender compensations for the penury of one who lost his last money in the Revolution. Though the *Institut* rejected him, his funeral was a grand affair, attended in quantity and by quality.

What makes *Monsieur Nicolas* invaluable is the luminous evocation of country life and the searchlight thrown on the murkier corners of life in the city. Better yet, perhaps, is the sharpness of psychological insight into the author's and other souls; occasionally this is surrounded by self-delusion, but self-delusion so honestly narrated that what the writer failed to grasp, the reader can seize upon with pleasure and profit. There are fascinating traits in this man who had his first coition aged not quite eleven and who draws up (in an omitted section of the book) a list of 700 named amours – not counting the totally fly-by-night ones. Here are anecdotes of voracious sexual appetite, a frank account of foot and shoe fetishism, a curious urge for pure, Platonic relationships in the midst of carnality. And other absorbing ambivalences: the man who seriously believes that he has "never enjoyed as much as half a day of unalloyed happiness" can as earnestly declare that he has been sublimely happy, until her premature death, with a twelve-year-old whom he considered, like many other mistresses, his natural daughter. Recurrent incest fantasies are revealingly spelled out, as are rationalizations for not finding a satisfactory lasting relationship.

Even stranger than his odd involvements are some of Restif's peculiar renunciations. But through every kind of deprivation there shines in this book a sense of self-confidence: "I try not to fail myself as others have failed me." Restif comes up with the extremely modern argument that his amatory misadventures constituted research for his writings, in which he depicts "man as he is, and not as he should be." What he offers here is a scientific examination of "a man's

Passage

What have we done to death? I, less American than most,
Still must speak stiffly to say "the body," "the corpse," "the remains."
The thought dries my mouth. I jeer at Forest Lawn, detest cosmetic
Youth, and yet if I can I ignore death's awkward bulk.

In the Slovenian village where my uncle's father died
They coffined him and took him out under the pale sky.
The villagers formed a procession two hundred meters long,
Flags first, with black (no cross – he had left the church).

Then the village band, slow marching to brass and beat,
Then our family carrying cedar wreaths, then the coffin on a cart,
And then the villagers by twos and threes on down the road.
I marched too and dropped my pinch of dust into the grave.

I know that this is better than our thin American way.
And yet . . . I look around me and see forming clouds so dense
That I feel that when our village bears a child we should bring him
In his basket home from the hostel and his mother's side,

Flags draped, brass band at slow march, green wreaths, and
Mourning villagers following him down the single street.

Carl Bode

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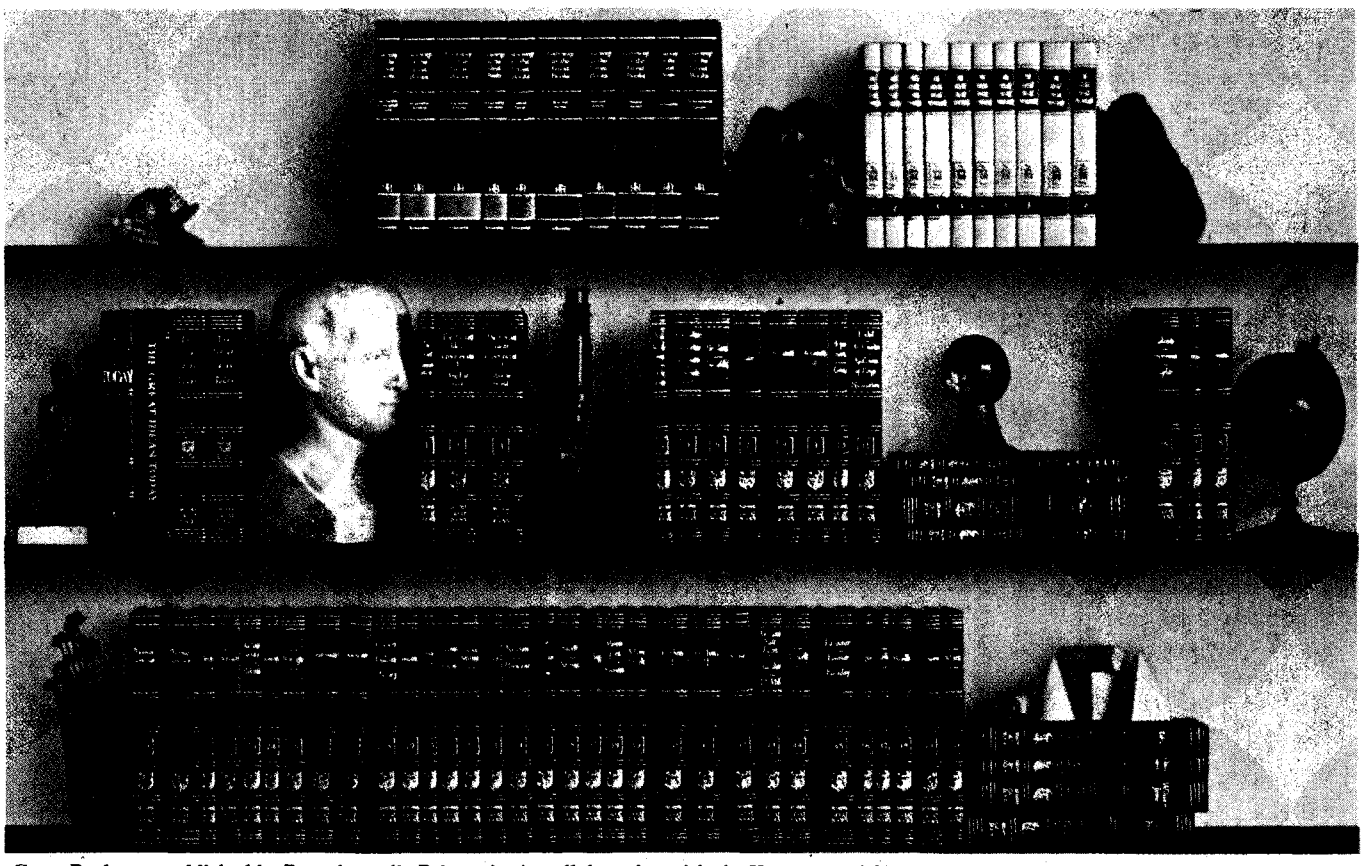

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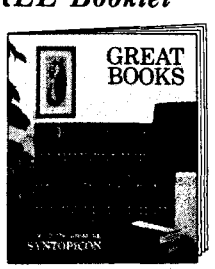

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complete life . . . a useful supplement to Buffon." It may be that, as his first English critical biographer, C. R. Dawes, has claimed, Restif lacked a sense of humor, yet it is hard to read unamused an episode such as the one of the boardinghouse where the lodgers had to pass performance tests before being gradually advanced by the landlady from the favors of her mother, through her own, to those of her elder daughter of 19, then to the final prize, those of her younger one. Restif comments, "You had to be the epitome of virtue and decency to get as far as the child of fifteen." Whether such humor is deliberate or accidental scarcely matters.

But Restif, the great rival and enemy of the Marquis de Sade, was also a fine human being. "I have always loved with delicacy, and often platonically," he writes, and goes on to announce one of his many psychological discoveries, that "the source of tenderness of heart lies in the organs of physical love." He can even be extremely poetic – in his prose, if not in his verse – as when he speaks of sleep with its "hairy fingers." His influence on Balzac and Stendhal has been demonstrated, and Marc Chadourne, in his excellent monograph, has pointed out parallels with Chateaubriand, the Romantics, Zola and Proust. Constant, Nerval and Baudelaire were among Restif's early admirers; in our time, the *Restiviste* revival is gaining momentum. Born on the border of Burgundy and Champagne, Restif combines the virtues of their respective brews: the full-bodied aroma of the one with the aphrodisiac sparkle of the other.

How Real is Reality?

by Roger Hazelton

Fifteen years ago Paul Tillich was saying that he felt his work was at an end. Now, two years after his death, his work is still being published.

This latest book adds nothing new to the substance of his thinking. Nevertheless it is a fine example of the way in which Tillich's mind went to work on a problem, bringing a spacious clarity to its explication and solution. *My Search For Absolutes* is based largely on lectures given at the University of Chicago Law School. The book is handsomely designed and produced; an unusual feature is the insertion of nineteen pages of drawings by Saul Steinberg, a good friend of the author. The introductory comment by the editor, Ruth Nanda Anshen, is grandiose and diffuse, contrasting sharply with Tillich's disciplined and lucid writing.

My Search For Absolutes
by Paul Tillich
(Simon & Schuster:
Credo Perspectives; $4.95)

The format of the series to which this volume belongs requires an autobiographical motif. This is supplied by an essay published in slightly different form in *The Theology of Paul Tillich* back in 1952. The changes made are few and minor, consisting mostly of updating and some stylistic improvements. The three remaining essays, all new, make up roughly about half of the present book. They deal with the problem of relativism in the areas of knowledge and language, ethics, and the religions. Tillich wants to show that "absolute relativism" is not only self-contradictory in theory but also self-defeating in practice. Positively, he wishes to build a case for the view that "there must be some absolutes that make meaningful life possible."

Although he has no difficulty in demolishing the pretensions of an overriding relativism in the fields referred to, Tillich is less successful in establishing the "relative absolutism" (the phrase is mine, not his) which he is recommending. What he does is to show that there are non-relative factors in each case, "something that resists the stream of relativities." The trouble comes when Tillich uses the word "absolutes" to describe these factors. The term is much too rigid to be able to cover them all. In one context an absolute means a unifying structure, in another a norm or standard of conduct, in still another the ground of Being in its metaphysical sense. What all these meanings have in common is not their absoluteness, but their more-than-relative character. They represent elements in every conceivable situation which relativism alone cannot account for, which it must in fact assume in order to be credible as a theory.

However, they are not absolutes as philosophical discussion has understood this term, and it is therefore misleading to make such an identification. The shades of Kant and Hegel will not be placated by Tillich's effort to rehabilitate the word, and those of James and Dewey will scarcely be disturbed. In several passages Tillich suggests that relativism and absolutism pose false alternatives; but is it his view that truth is reached by deftly blending them?

Take for example Tillich's discussion of the relative and absolute elements in the act of moral decision. He accepts as his own Kant's familiar definition of the moral imperative as being categorical – that is, as unconditional demand and duty. With Kant he holds that the moral imperative is absolute in form, whatever it asks of me and whether I obey it or not. But this distinction between form and content, between the unconditioned and its conditions, breaks down in Tillich's subsequent reflection. Can anyone imagine a duty that is imperative in form but entirely relative or permissive in its content? Kant went as far as it is possible to go in generalizing and formalizing the moral imperative, which is a known quantity in human choice and conduct. It is to him that we owe the currently approved maxim, "Treat every person as an end and not as a means"; but Kant did not stop to tell us how, or even why.

Tillich understands far better than Kant ever could the radical yet ambivalent nature of man's freedom. He grants that decision is risky and each concrete situation is unique. He sym-

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pathizes with the uncertainty of the younger generation in moral matters: "They have left the security of the harbor of tradition. Now they look for guiding stars."

And yet Tillich insists upon reading moral situations in formal terms, presumably in the hope that this will yield the "guiding stars." But his formalizing of the moral absolute is no answer to either theoretical relativism or general confusion. Tillich has not gotten beyond the contemporary debate in ethics as to what is situational or contextual and what is normative "no matter what," despite his invocation of the once potent authority of Kant. Formalism in ethics is defunct and cannot be revitalized.

It is when Tillich drops his search for absolutes and delineates the inmost character of such directives as "creative justice" and "listening love" that the power of his thought comes through. On the same less-than-absolute but more-than-relative level the drawings of Steinberg give a visual corroboration that is dryly significant. Tillich's greatness as a thinker, now as before, lies in the fact that he knows what man is made of, what he suffers from, and what he can hope for.

Stone's Throw

by Alex Campbell

In his introduction to this wholly admirable anthology, Murray Kempton writes: "Mr. Stone always remembers the official lie of last month which is contradicted by the official lie of today." Add ruthless character analysis, and you have a large part of the secret of *I. F. Stone's Weekly*'s well-earned renown. Has anything more cruelly true been said about LBJ than this (in January 1967)? "Johnson is like a speaker who has begun to lose his audience. The audience senses that he knows it. This is the moment when people begin to feel around for their overshoes and to nudge their way out to the aisles."

In a Time of Torment
by I. F. Stone
(Random House; $7.95)

The late President Kennedy fares little better. Some of the most fascinating passages of Stone's collection deal with the 1962 Cuba missile crisis. The real stake, he says, was prestige, for McNamara conceded that there was no great difference between a missile fired all the way from Russia and one fired from Cuba. Kennedy would have nothing to do with a deal proposed by Khrushchev, for a Soviet nonaggression pledge to Turkey, an identical American one to Cuba, and removal of missiles from both. Khrushchev lied to Kennedy about having installed the missiles in the first place. Neither of them consulted his allies about his actions, though both risked blowing up the world. It was strictly a chin-to-chin encounter between two superpowermen, and NATO and the Warsaw Pact haven't been the same since.

Stone is still after Kennedys. He found Jack "ambivalent" and last year he found Bobby "equivocal," when the junior senator from New York was heckled in Chicago by impatient students for saying he "happened to have some disagreements" with Johnson on Vietnam. Stone heckled too. "Is he saving them for his memoirs?" Stone demanded. Subsequent events suggest the prod took effect.

Another Democratic senator, J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, also gets his lumps, for sponsoring the notorious Tonkin Gulf resolution which, Stone says, "legalized secret preparations to widen the war" – preparations Stone claims Fulbright must certainly have known about.

Stone visited Vietnam last year, and wrote brilliant dispatches, but just two sentences from what's reprinted here tell the whole sordid tale. In Saigon, "small boys were already out pimping in the hot afternoon, hinting in pidgin English at bizarre pleasures." And: "To move in before, and without, land reform is to reconquer the Delta for the big landowners with American

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By Myron Weiner

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THE MODERNITY OF TRADITION
Political Development in India
By Lloyd I. Rudolph and Susanne Hoeber Rudolph

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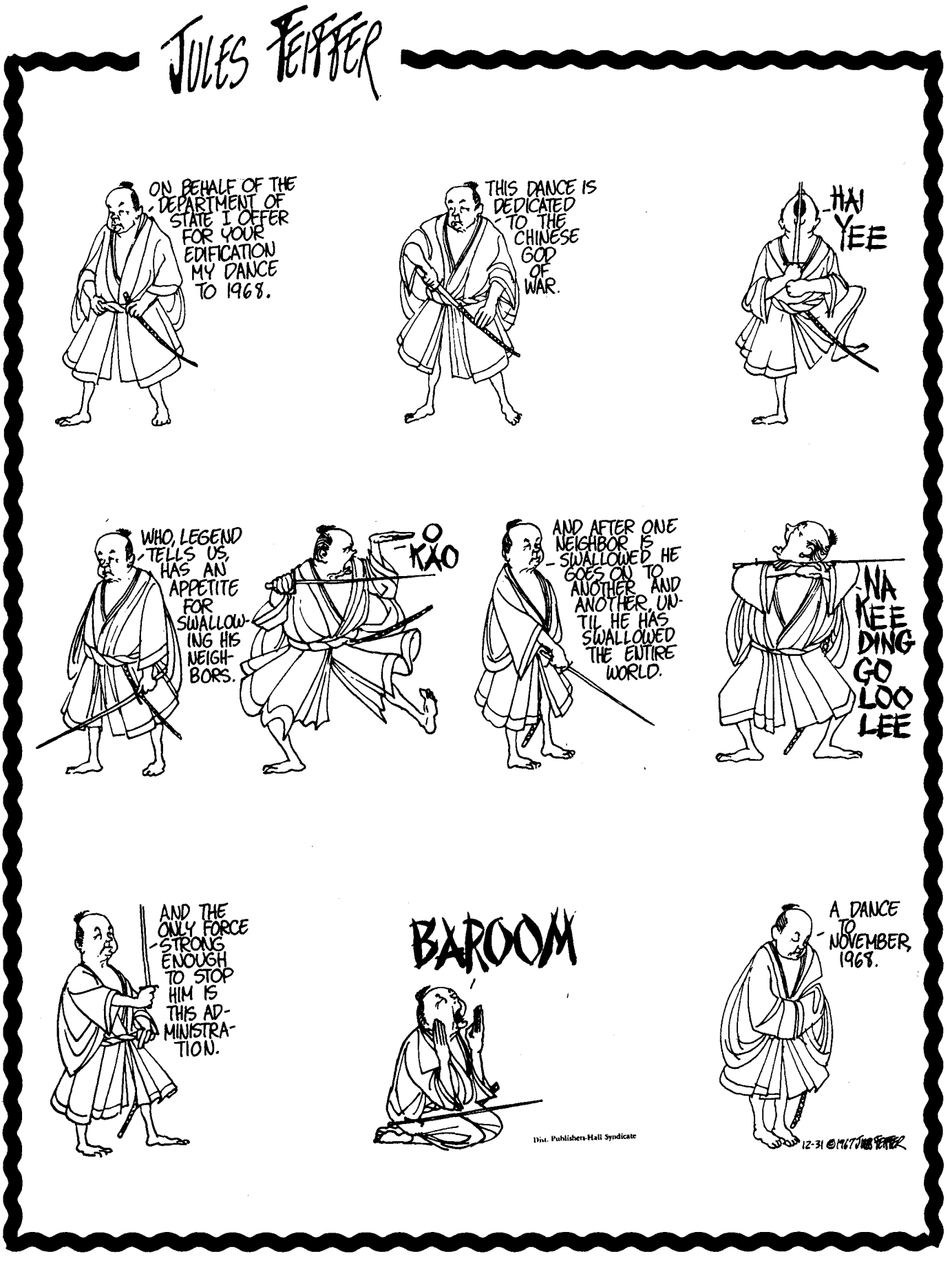
ON BEHALF OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE I OFFER FOR YOUR EDIFICATION MY DANCE TO 1968.
THIS DANCE IS DEDICATED TO THE CHINESE GOD OF WAR.
HAI YEE
WHO, LEGEND TELLS US, HAS AN APPETITE FOR SWALLOWING HIS NEIGHBORS.
O KAO
AND AFTER ONE NEIGHBOR IS SWALLOWED HE GOES ON TO ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, UNTIL HE HAS SWALLOWED THE ENTIRE WORLD.
NA KEE DING GO LOO LEE
AND THE ONLY FORCE STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP HIM IS THIS ADMINISTRATION.
BAROOM
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A DANCE TO NOVEMBER, 1968.
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lives." The latter is just what General Westmoreland proposed when he was in Washington last month.

A man like Stone isn't going to waste valuable time fingering the holes in the arguments of people like Secretary of State Dean Rusk. A quote and a comment suffice. " 'Every small state,' Rusk said, 'has a right to be unmolested by its neighbors even though it is within reach of a great power.' This will add to the Secretary's fame as a humorist in Guatemala and Cuba."

You'd think a fellow with such acid typewriter ribbon would have hosts of enemies. In fact, Stone is a chubby cherub who, in 60 years, has acquired only friends. This is because he is entirely and transparently without the least hint of malice. He can and does get angry with people; it's impossible for anyone ever to be angry with him. His victims have much in common with the man in the cartoon who was shot full of arrows and then was asked if they hurt. Like him, the victims of Izzy Stone tend to answer ruefully: "Only when I laugh."

Unsung Melody

by Howard Junker

The text for John Cage's second collection of lectures and writings is set in Linotype Times Roman, Weiss Roman, Times Roman Bold, Memphis Medium, Baskerville, Spartan Medium, Garamond, Spartan Heavy, Bodoni Bold and Century Schoolbook. It is that kind of book: variegated, amusing, capricious and troublesome.

Silence (1961) was better. Then Cage was still involved in the grand adventure of "opening the windows" of music. Now he has accomplished his musical revolt, and he has begun to indulge a concern for world-changing, a naïve geopolitics admittedly derived from Buckminster Fuller, Marshall McLuhan, Norman O. Brown and Marcel Duchamp. Cage continues to write like Gertrude Stein as told to Daisetz Suzuki and edited by William Burroughs. He continues to compose his lectures by chance operations. And after each piece, he continues to include marvelous *koans* such as: "Peck says that if things are doing well in gardens, one can expect, in the woods, fields, and waste places, to find plants doing equally well."

A Year From Monday
by John Cage
(Wesleyan; $7.92)

But the mystic fervor – "I have nothing to say and I am saying it" – with which *Silence* challenged the comforts and constraints of musical tradition, is missing. Cage's utopianism is still tepid, expressed like the musings of a man who, having finished his lifework, has retired – to play guru. It is not difficult to think of Cage as an avant-garde patriarch and theologian. But as a social philosopher, he comes off poorly compared with the defiant artist who, when Schoenberg told him, after two years of study, that without a feeling for harmony, "it would be as though I came to a Wall through which I could not pass," replied: "In that case I will devote my life to beating my head against the wall." Yet there was always a strong vein of anti-art in Cage. As he told a 1952 Juilliard audience: "If there were a part of life dark enough to keep out of it a light from art, I would want to be in that darkness, fumbling around, if necessary, but alive. I rather think one can dispense with all that folderol; no one loses nothing, because nothing is securely possessed."

"The reasons I am less and less interested in making music," Cage notes in the foreward, "is not only that I find environmental sounds and noises more useful aesthetically than the sounds produced by the world's musical cultures, but that, when you get right down to it, a composer is simply someone who tells other people what to do. I find this an unattractive way of getting things done. I'd like our activities to be more social and anarchically so. As a matter of fact, even in the field of music, that is what is happening."

Yes, the road Cage surveyed is now

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well-traveled. Theatrical gamesmanship and "live-electronics" are familiar musical activities no longer requiring Cage's polemic leadership. Composers do not feel at all rebellious if they include films, tapes and costumes in their packaged scores. There is nothing startling about performers permitted to "play" their way through a piece toward whatever conclusion they can or will. Nor is it strange to see composer-performers seizing and manipulating environmental sounds with sophisticated electronic "instruments" in full view of the audience (not, that is, having worked everything out, once and for all, on tape.)

Thus, Cage's own compositions have taken on a new status – as monuments in the museum of musical ideas, as activities to be thought about rather than actually heard. The idea of a prepared piano, of a sonata for twelve radios, of four minutes and thirty-three seconds of non-performance (that is, silence or ambient noise), of open networks of communications devices to be activated by dancers and engineers, and of composition according to thrown dice or overlaid plastic sheets – these ideas have become fascinating independent of the sounds they might produce.

This situation is one result of Cage's insistent musical naturalism. As he said in praise of Ives: "[He] sees someone sitting on a porch in a rocking chair smoking a pipe, looking out over the landscape which goes into the distance, and imagines that, as that person, who is anyone, is sitting there, doing nothing, that he is hearing his own symphony." But isn't a declaration that music can be heard in the symphony of the world all around us a dead end? ("Once one gets interested in world improvement, there is no stopping." Cage's answer, spoken with his usual irony, is yes, of course, music is dead; to listen to music, simply listen.

This year Cage is at the University of Illinois (Urbana), looking into computers. He believes computers should give us more work rather than less and hopes they might be of interest in music-making. He is obviously still a musician, one who would probably prefer working at the University of Southern Illinois where Bucky Fuller, so Cage says, will soon set up a computerized global game, called "How to Make the World Work." Fuller's computer, writes Cage, "will be supplied with all relevant and continually updated information regarding location and quantity of world resources, world peoples, their trends and needs, world-energy systems, etc. The game will be visibly developed on a Dymaxion Airocean World Map having the size of a football field, a high balcony overlooking it permitting players to see the effect of their 'moves'; theories of how to 'facilitate attainment, at the earliest possible moment, by every human being of complete enjoyment of the total planet Earth'."

While waiting for this game, Cage promises to continue his "DIARY: HOW TO IMPROVE THE WORLD (YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE)" which he began in 1965, asked for a piece by the editor of *Joglars*, a Providence, R. I., journal. (Cage on commissioned work: "Do all they ask, I told him, and whatever else, besides, you can.") In yearly installments, Cage has expressed his concern with: electric clothes "rechargeable at public couches"; travel through tunnels propelled by compressed air; housing utilities accessible to all, like telephone booths along highways; and peace-keeping operations such as globally televised lectures on war or similarly programmed perpetual summit meetings. Or the celebration of Armistice Day 365 times a year.

"There's a temptation to do nothing," he wrote in his 1965 diary, "simply because there's so much to do one doesn't know where to begin. Begin anywhere. For instance, since electronics is at the heart of the matter, establish a global voltage, a single design for plugs and jacks. Remove the need for transformers and adaptors. Vary not the connecting means but the things to be connected."

While waiting to begin on global voltage – Cage notes that between August, 1964, and September, 1965, the number of global services increased from 55 to 61 – Cage has prepared: a one-minute New Year's greeting to the music-lovers of Japan; a catalog preface for the Jasper Johns retrospective at the Jewish Museum; another catalog note for the video artist Nam June Paik; a review of Schoenberg's letters for *The Kenyon Review;* a lecture on commitment for a symposium at Wesleyan; a comment on Charles Ives in response to an inquiring letter from Michael O. Zahn of Milwaukee. And so on.

In the headnote to one lecture, in which "very little of anything that was said, due to the manipulations of the sound-systems by David Tudor and Gordon Mumma, was comprehensible to the audience," Cage declares that "my pleasure in composition, renounced as it has been in the field of music, continues in the field of writing words, and that explains why, recently, I write so much. I know however that sometime soon I will renounce that too."

While waiting to renounce everything (except mushrooming), Cage is capable of elfin brilliance, of being perfectly clear for all this obscurity; "In music it was hopeless to think in terms of the old structure (tonality), to do things following old methods (counterpoint, harmony), to use the old materials (orchestral instruments). We started from scratch: sound, silence, time, activity. In society, no amount of doctoring up economics/politics will help. Begin again, assuming abundance, unemployment, a field situation, multiplicity, unpredictability, immediacy, the possibility of participation. . . . *We know it's a melody but it's one we've not yet sung.*"

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stanley Kauffmann *has just been re-elected president of the National Society of Film Critics.* John Simon's *book,* Private Screenings, *has just been published by Macmillan.* Carl Bode, *a professor of English at the University of Maryland, has recently completed a biography of H. L. Mencken.* Roger Hazelton *is Abbot Professor of Christian Theology at Andover Newton Theological School.* Howard Junker *is on the staff of* Newsweek.

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THEATRE

Official Mediocrity

Pantagleize
by Michel de Ghelderode
The Show Off
by George Kelly
(Lyceum Theatre)

What is repertory? My dictionary defines it as "a theatrical company that performs regularly and in alternate sequence several plays, operas or the like." By this definition the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre is clearly a misnomer, since its productions are presented not in alternation but successively and since, more decisive than that, it has stopped being a company in any meaningful sense. The Theatre's last two productions, Peter Ustinov's *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife*, and Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, were presented by outside entrepreneurs and with commercially put together casts, and its next offering, *Saint Joan*, is also going to have an ad hoc group of performers. There are some impressive names among them – Diana Sands, John Heffernan, Philip Bosco, Alvin Epstein – but these are discrete names from the individualistic marketplace of the American commercial stage, who will lend the Theatre *their* modest prestige instead of the other way round.

The APA, it might be said, is a different proposition. They are a company with a continuing membership who do their plays in alternation and use their own directors, designers and technicians. Yet I think it time to say that if we go on praising the APA as the fulfillment of the repertory ideal, or even as a company on its embattled way to fulfilling it, we are going to end by driving entirely out of sight any notion at all of what repertory should consist in.

The qualities that take the idea of repertory beyond the dictionary's purely physical definition include an imaginative fidelity to texts, a consistency of taste, a discernible style, a capacity for ensemble playing, a sense of continuing growth, a degree of independence from the box-office. By all these criteria the APA doesn't begin to measure up, and the fact that so many of our journalistic commentators keep insisting that they do is one of the more melancholy aspects of the theatrical times. On its current productions, *Pantagleize* and *The Show-Off*, which are quite in the line of its usual work, the APA has to be described as a perversion of the possibilities of repertory, a shell of good theatre, an institutionalization of mediocrity and – I don't think it too strong a word – something of a hoax.

An admirer of Ghelderode (and I am one, with reservation) who thinks he is going to see *Pantagleize* at the Lyceum Theatre would do better to stay home and read it. John Houseman and Ellis Rabb, the co-directors, have for some opaque reason decided that this "farce to make you sad," as the late Belgian playwright described his 1929 work, is approximately twice as long as it should be, and accordingly they have cut it in half. The result is to reduce a complex, very energetic, very unschematic work to the dimensions of a conscious fling at theatrical "absurdity," to deprive its farcical elements of their anchor in a rich language and its sadness of its ground in an inevitability of accident and paradox that needs time to make its shape known.

Ghelderode wrote a play about an everyman figure who up to the age of 40 has remained outside those fatal processes of society whereby roles are thrust on men in order that they may be identifiable and available to others. One May Day he gets caught up in a revolution in a nameless European capital, and innocently blunders his way to death as a conspirator, after having naïvely tasted love, power and friendship. His is the comi-tragedy of the man of good but unspecific will, of the universalist in an age of partisanship, of the mystic in an arena of facts. With much gusto, drawing on one of the most extensive physical repertoires of any modern dramatist, Ghelderode sets him in motion through scenes that are part pageant, part music-hall skit, part expressionist lyricism and part surrealist nightmare.

The APA goes at the text, or rather its shrunken remains, with all the cautious knowing professionalism of an official theatre, a cultural asset, as the people who write reports for the foundations like to say. The farce they offer is precisely "official," a little far out and now and then, a little kooky, rather extravagant at times but never *wild*, a careful rendering of a baroque substance into a cute piece of acceptable fare. A play with a large dramatis personae, *Pantagleize* presents an opportunity for full ensemble work, yet the things that seem to bind this company together are, now that Rosemary Harris is gone, its shared mediocrity and lack of any discernible attitude or aesthetic whatsoever. The only performer who might be usefully singled out for special censure, however, is Mr. Rabb, the APA's artistic director. He has never given any evidence that he is an actor, but he persists in trying to be one: his attempt this time in the central and title role has the effect of converting a holy fool into a simpering idiot.

George Kelly's *The Show-Off* ought to have been left in the archives, or in one of those volumes of "Not Quite Notable American Plays" which clutter every drama critic's shelves. A 1924 success, its trouble isn't that it dates. As a matter of fact it holds up only too well from the standpoint of time, which is to say that it cannot be eroded by time because it was never anything substantial in the first place. A well-made play with just the right proportions of domestic comedy and grief and with a traditional cop-out at the end, it fits quite nicely into the

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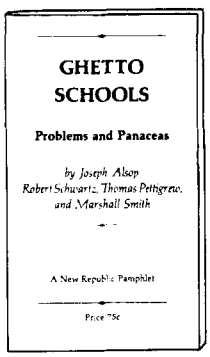

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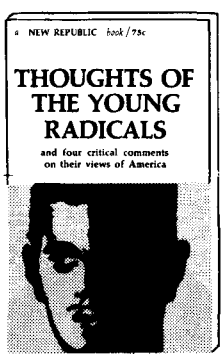

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Broadway entertainment structure, although how it might fit with the ideals of any serious repertory company is up to Mr. Rabb to answer.

The APA once performed a minor miracle with a rather similar enterprise, its resurrection of *You Can't Take it With You*, which is the only production by the company I have ever admired. For some reason everything in that production worked well, the group did attain ensemble stature and you had a sense of achievement if not of high discovery. But everything in *The Show-Off* works badly, so badly, in fact, that the play startlingly enough seems better than the performance. The direction by Stephen Porter is plodding, utterly safe and what I can only call "club-womanly," which is the quality of being serious about the trivial and giddy about the significant.

The performers offer absolutely nothing of interest, unless it is possible, as I suppose it is, for certain sentimental theatregoers to derive satisfaction from watching Helen Hayes in the post-twilight of her career. Miss Hayes ought to be congratulated for her willingness to relinquish marquee status for the lesser glamor of repertory life, but I found it painful to watch this one-time competent performer messing up her lines on dozens of occasions (although she did recover quickly each time) and being utterly predictable in her mannerisms, which are those of a grand dame in reduced circumstances, Queen Victoria in the kitchen.

Miss Hayes plays the crotchety mother of the Fisher family of Philadelphia, whose younger daughter marries a $36.00-a-week railroad clerk who is a pretentious blowhard. Clayton Corzatte, whose high-pitched voice and deadly monotony of gesture have contributed to a great many APA productions, plays the show-off in a broad "expressive" style. The remaining roles are filled by APA regulars carrying out their orders. As long as those orders go unchallenged, the company stands a very good chance of winning the war. The losers of course will be repertory theatre as something more than doing plays in alternation, and the dwindling public for true drama.

RICHARD GILMAN

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TELEVISION

Huckleberry Finn in Vietnam

If you're over 30, you may have been conditioned by the OWI and Hollywood to think whoever shoots at an American boy is an agent of evil, whether fascism, nazism, or Japanese imperialism. So you may have to remind yourself, when you're watching nice, simple apparently uncorrupted American boys being shot at in the boondocks of Southeast Asia that they're being fired upon by the natives of the place, who, among other things, are resisting invaders.

Still, compatriot feeling being what it is, when you're watching something like *Same Mud, Same Blood* on NBC several weeks ago, you find yourself sympathizing with our boys as they stalk the forest west of Chu Lai burning thatch huts and whatever else in the jungle is combustible, slaughtering the peasants' lean porkers and destroying all other food, pursuing as much of a scorched earth policy as is practicable in the tropics. ("Rationale: deny the enemy shelter. Deny the enemy food," intones Frank McGee.) After all, some of these natives occasionally shoot at our troops. What's more, the GI's are operating "behind enemy lines." One is saddened when a Yank is killed or wounded; one is also saddened when a US platoon gangs up on two Vietnamese boys hiding in burrows and dispatches them with grenades.

These horrors of war, however, are only incidental to NBC's discovery that among US troops the color bar tends to disappear in the heat of combat with an army of yet another color. Throughout the film NBC News tirelessly thumps away on this theme, apparently unembarrassed that this great good news, the first upbeat angle in the story of our war in Vietnam, was trumpeted to the world by *Time* magazine last summer, long after it had been thoroughly covered in a series of articles in *The Washington Post*. As did *Time*, NBC News so organized the story as to imply that killing Vietnamese is a better way for Negroes to attain equality than is rioting, leaving it to the Negro platoon sergeant, Lewis B. Larry, and to the Negro forward observer, Lieutenant Wilkinson, to make the suggestion. Larry thought Stokely Carmichael would do well to enlist; as for himself, he said he found his work satisfying because he could continually so act as to be accepted as a man.

Endlessly the NBC reporter, Frank McGee, asked the men in the platoon how they felt about working for a Negro, and endlessly marveled at the responses, which indicated that after all it was true, that the whites esteemed Larry as a man.

If one had turned the sound off, the film might have seemed, in the intervals between firefights, a pastoral of a Northern Liberal's heaven, in which whites and blacks worked, bantered, laughed unselfconsciously together. Add the reason why they were all in the woods together and it was only an infantry idyll of races bound together in military servitude, consciousness of color only temporarily eliminated by the camaraderie, skylarking and solidarity in the face of danger. We were back on the raft again with Huck and Jim, who knows the ways of the woods and the river.

But as soon as the platoon was lifted out of the jungle for a few days of rest, colored and white began to separate. There was no footage of leave further to the rear, in Saigon, where brothels are segregated.

"The Army is a generation ahead of the rest of American society," McGee comments. Marine Corps enlisted men were integrated by the time of the Korean war, yet the camaraderie of bunker and barrack either did not sur-

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vive repatriation or, when it did, had little influence on society.

Many of the Negroes now in Vietnam will reenlist, NBC indicated; Sgt. Larry will remain there to initiate the new boys into the art of war in the jungle.

Three nights before the NBC broadcast showed the young boys of the infantry killing and being killed, a couple of old boys, aging Generals Eisenhower and Bradley, were sitting before a TV camera in Gettysburg and telling the CBS audience how if they were in the saddle out there they would "hotly pursue" the enemy to wherever he might flee, and to hell with national boundaries, the territorial sovereignty of Laos or Cambodia. Generals of the great gasoline war, they chafed at such restrictions as the DMZ, a paper abstraction, and deplored the absence of a clearly marked front. So in 1916 might a pair of retired cavalry generals, blinking uncomprehendingly at a map of the Western Front, have spoken of a great breakout and a gallop to Berlin.

The old boys prattle on, the young men die. Some return. Two nights after the broadcast of *Same Mud, Same Blood*, the Public Broadcast Laboratory ran a film, *Good Bye and Good Luck*, that attempted to show what impressions a Negro GI might have on returning from Vietnam to civilian life. Lewis Jenkins got off the plane at Oakland happy and smiling, but after getting a job as a bus driver, filling out a multitude of forms, listening to patronizing speeches from Veterans Administration officials, and undergoing an intensive indoctrination by Negro militants, he began to look troubled, as in the film the voices of Leroi Jones, James Baldwin, Muhammad Ali and Stokely Carmichael resounded all about him. Jenkins' experiences in Vietnam began to seem to him, one might think, a waste of time, if not a crime. PBL said that it would take a look in a later broadcast at how Jenkins was making out three months later.

Impressionistic and emotive, PBL's film on Jenkins' initial reentry into civilian life was hardly adequate rebuttal to NBC's suggestion that the boondocks of Vietnam were a fortunate laboratory for working out future harmony between races in the US. But then it is hard to figure out what NBC

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and the other networks are up to whenever they do a story on Vietnam.

What point is there to airing the views of the old generals? And what is one to make of NBC News sending Perry Mason to Vietnam? A couple of months ago NBC broadcast *Raymond Burr Visits Vietnam*, as a "news" program. Why an actor? Perhaps the network thought a lot of Perry Mason fans would tune in. Although the burly actor presented a good target, he did not encounter any Viet Cong. Instead, he traipsed about like a USO entertainer or a general asking the boys, in throbbing baritone, how they were doing. Although his voice can be heard asking questions of a *cheu hoi* and of a Negro sergeant in an isolated fortified village, the Mason profile is not visible during these interrogations; one suspects he recited his questions later in a Hollywood studio. Small matter, how did the trial lawyer sum up? His tone was maudlin, but he implied that whoever was on the receiving end of the firepower he seemed overawed by, deserved to be getting it. Burr/Mason showed compassion only for our boys and the usual troop of orphans; clearly, he would have you believe his client to be not guilty.

ED DOWLING

Correspondence

Rent Strike

Sirs:

The "Rent Strike" article by Frances Piven and Richard Cloward (*The New Republic*, December 2) is based, in our view, on a fallacious analysis of the relation between slums and the rest of the real estate market. We also wish to disagree with their strategic and programmatic conceptions. At best, their proposal would be a boon for real estate interests. At worst, it is a dangerous and irresponsible exercise in "let's you and him fight."

(1) Their proposal is based on the contention that slum real estate is the "underbelly" of the real estate market, and that the "more stable and prosperous" investors look elsewhere for profits. Thus, they argue that a massive rent strike would no doubt force a "large-scale public takeover of land and buildings."

It is our contention that slums are in fact a vital and integral part of the real estate system as a whole. The "slumlord" fits Piven and Cloward's description. But the reality is that the slumlord is generally no more than a rent collector, a front man for the mortgage holders. It is through the system of inflated second and third mortgages that huge profits are funnelled into the real estate community. Our research into title and mortgages in a small section of Manhattan's West Side has confirmed this judgment.

Furthermore, one must examine the pattern of inflated values and speculative investment that characterizes New York real estate as a whole. The most obvious key to the slum system is that real estate interests can make more profit on speculative investments (buying and selling existing buildings) than on productive investment (the construction of new housing). The high rents and inflated values of all real estate in New York City depend on the housing shortage and the deterioration of existing properties. Any massive reconstruction of the slums thus threatens to devalue existing investments in the "normal" real estate market.

Given the improbability of the elimination of the slums, the most likely result of the Piven-Cloward strategy would be token urban renewal (in addition to wholesale repression). Not only would this provide windfall capital gains to real estate speculators as a result of high acquisition costs, but it would also lead to further taxpayer subsidization of corporate profits along the lines of rent supplements, tax incentives, and other such schemes for "enlisting the skills of private enterprise."

(2) If the above analysis is generally valid, then the obstacles to a massive reconstruction of the slums become much more formidable than indicated by Piven and Cloward. With what forces do they propose to mount an offensive?

Piven and Cloward's proposed strategy is based on massive, disruptive rent strikes by slum dwellers. They argue that the disruption caused by such a strike would lead the urban political machines to offer concessions to the ghettoes. ("Disruption" can only refer to rioting or the threat of rioting, in this context.)

The Piven-Cloward conceptions are based partly on an analysis we share: that working-class whites in the cities are becoming more and more conservative (threatened by riots and squeezed by taxes) and are leaving the Democratic Party for the right-wing camp. Piven and Cloward welcome this trend, and in fact hope to exacerbate it through disruptions by tenants and welfare recipients. We, on the other hand, see this trend as very dangerous. In our view, the primary task of white radicals is to counter this trend by presenting programmatic alternatives to white working people.

The right-wing radicalization of white working-class people is an inevitable response to the riots, rising taxes, and a declining standard of living, when these conditions are coupled with the failure of the Left to approach these groups with alternative programs, particularly on the most divisive question. Such a trend, when joined by a mounting anti-labor offensive by the government, sows the seeds of neo-fascism in this country.

The program and strategy of the West Side Tenants Union is almost a complete counterposition to that of Piven and Cloward. Our program for new housing is based on a tax on landlords' rental income. Such a tax would provide the funds for massive housing construction and would provide for the elimination of city taxes on wage-earners. It would have the further effect of devaluing most existing real estate, as the tax is based on a ratio of rental income to depreciated capital investment, not speculative investment. Such a program is obviously in the interests of slum dwellers, but it is also in the interests of other wage-earners.

By organizing around such a pro-

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gram, which is in the interests of a majority of the people, we have the potential of organizing wage-earners who otherwise would be opposed to slum housing programs which would be financed out of their taxes. Our ultimate weapon might also be a rent strike, *but* one including working-class and many middle-class people, in addition to those in the ghettoes.

So, in short, Piven and Cloward propose to play on the divisions between black and white, between the poor and the middle class. We propose to unite these groups around their common interests.

Ed Spannaus
West Side Tenants Union
New York, N.Y.

Children's Allowances

Sirs:

My congratulations on your publication of James Tobin's article on children's allowances (November 25).

To any mind susceptible to the influence of reasoned analysis, Tobin's three pages should be enough to prove that, so long as our income and consuming units are families, one cannot wisely make grants or allowances to children without consideration of the income status of the children's families – or to children alone. Indeed, of all the socio-economic fallacies of recent years, perhaps none is more palpable than the idea that a uniform system of grants or allowances for all children would constitute a great step forward in the quality of American society.

That British or Canadian practice should be cited to the contrary is only a demonstration that those who will not learn from reason also do not learn from experience.

Oscar Gass
Washington, D.C.

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More Pot

Sirs:

The New Republic may be theoretically fair in its liberal view of penalty and use of marijuana but I know that it is in fact wrong and dead wrong at that out of the reality of firsthand experience.

I have been dealing with the teenagers who are experimenting with marijuana and other drugs and I know that in honest conversations they will say they are not themselves wholly convinced that marijuana is all that harmless because they were left with great lethargic reactions as an aftermath. They also knew that for those among them that had psychological problems of any depth there were great hazards. What is the difference between a physical addiction and a psychological dependency if you end up in a drug hospital as some of these kids have? And some of them admit it would take about twenty years of drinking alcohol to arrive at the point that drugs will take you to in a matter of months.

W. H. Piper
Salem, Mass.

The Grape Strike

Sirs:

In his review of John Gregory Dunne's book *Delano: The Story of the California Grape Strike* (December 2), Martin Duberman talks about the National Farm Workers Association (NFWA) as the union in farm labor today! It is a matter of public record, publicized in the press and television that the NFWA went out of business in August 1966 (16 months ago!) when it merged with the AFL-CIO's Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC) to form what is now the National AFL-CIO's farmworker organizing machinery, the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee.

Duberman says "It was the NFWA which jumped in to lead the grape pickers' strike that erupted near Delano in the spring of 1965." The facts are that the strike was started by the AWOC in September 1965 and was joined in by the NFWA a week later! Really, how wrong can you get?

He talks of Eugene Nelson in present-day terms. Nelson has no connection with United Farm Workers Organizing Committee and has been gone from the Rio Grande Valley situation in Texas since well before May of '67, a date that Duberman speaks of and about which he represents himself to have knowledge.

Duberman says that a campaign to extend the federal law (NLRA) to farm workers is unlikely to develop because the "Left . . . distrusts government" and because of "too little interest on the part of organized labor."

Duberman therefore makes a wide differentiation between the "Left" and "organized labor" and in that context I would probably never be qualified to speak for the "Left." He possibly is, so I won't question his statement of *that* "left" position. I'd merely say . . . "So what!"

However, where organized labor is concerned Duberman might have done a little research before he wrote. AFL-CIO is working very actively and aggressively to get extension of the federal labor law to cover farm workers. President George Meany has personally appeared before congressional committees and high Administration officials as many or more times in the last year on this matter than on any other single item of legislation except Social Security.

Duberman's facts on financial support to the farm worker unionizing effort is the most erroneous of all. His problem is that he considers financial support to come only from those places where press releases are issued simultaneously with the checks. Total AFL-CIO support exceeds $2 million, of which National AFL-CIO has provided over 75 percent!

Just for "closers" relating to organized labor's interest and support, try this one . . . I have personally spent over 50 percent of my time since Feb-

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ruary 1966 with the farm workers right on the organizational firing line in the San Joaquin Valley. I have participated in every major organizational, collective bargaining and contract breakthrough in that situation since that time. I am sure the indigenous leadership there would be quick to verify this.

William L. Kircher
Director of Organization, AFL-CIO
Washington, D. C.

Korea Debate

Sirs:

The New Republic has performed a useful service in publishing the debate on Korea between C. T. McGuire and Charlton Ogburn (December 2). Re-examination of the cold war assumptions of the Korean War is long overdue, certainly since the South Koreans so emphatically got rid of Syngman Rhee when they saw their chance.

The reaction at the time was that the old man had grown tyrannical in his latter years, but had been a good democrat earlier. Professor George McCune, State Department adviser and perhaps our foremost Korean expert before 1950, in his book *Korea Today* – published posthumously soon after the outbreak of the war – devastates that myth. Despite the presence of a UN Commission dominated by its US member, John Foster Dulles, South Korean elections were characterized by repression and fraud. As in the recent Saigon balloting, leading democrats were tossed into jail and otherwise barred because they advocated acceptance of the Pyongyang regime's offers to negotiate peaceful reunification. Rhee, as McCune notes, repeatedly threatened reunification by force on the grounds that he was ruler of the entire nation.

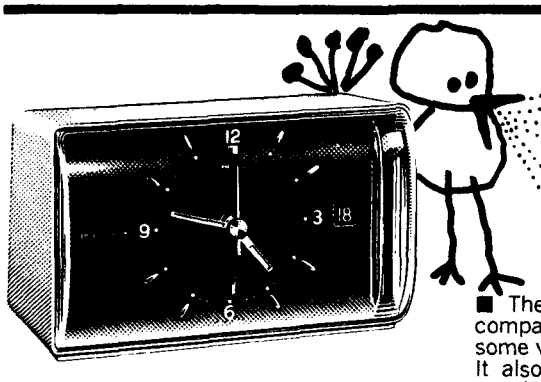
The actual nature of Syngman Rhee's backing was eloquently defined by the rapid disintegration of South Korea's army when the war began, and the quick takeover by the northerners of almost the entire peninsula. Yet South Korea's population was then 21 million as against the north's 9 million; the south's army was trained and equipped by the US, and the north's by the vastly more exhausted USSR; but whereas no Soviet troops were involved in the fighting, US troops were there at the outset.

Professor McGuire is thus accurate in characterizing our actions in Korea as essentially similar in purpose to our aggression in Vietnam. And yet there is a profound difference in the nature of the two situations, of considerable significance in the light of Secretary Rusk's fondness for putting the Vietnamese division in the same category as that of Germany and Korea. Korea was liberated, and Germany conquered, by the allied armies.

The Vietnamese liberated themselves. No great power had any hand in this. In fact, as we know, the US did everything it could to block that liberation. There was thus no basis either for division of Vietnam or interference by an external power. The Geneva Agreements named the French Union as caretaker administrator of the southern Vietnam truce zone until the scheduled elections for a single government could be held – with the proviso that France could be invited out when the Vietnamese so willed. The United States, which had no legitimate business there whatever, pushed France out and proceeded to impose a division of the country according to a plan devised during the Geneva Conference and explicitly rejected by the responsible conferees.

Thus, the division of Vietnam was not a natural result of her liberation, but was intended to block that result. Rusk's equating of Vietnam with Korea and Germany betrays a proprietary arrogance which assumes the right to impose our solutions anywhere in the world. . . . A distortion which puts Vietnam in the same category as Korea and Germany, thereby denying the essence of the Vietnamese revolution and liberation, is scarcely calculated to make our offers to negotiate credible to Hanoi or the NLF.

Max Gordon
New York, N.Y.



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Kauffmann, *from page 30*

tion phrase, for instance, is "Julie Andrews!"

Those who have even a rudimentary acquaintance with British accents will enjoy the skill with which the three leading performers range from lower-class to lazy-tongued upper-class, with various provincial and culturally pretentious waystops in between. And the last scene, in a "nondenominational" nunnery of an order of leaping nuns, who initiate novices on trampolines, is undergraduate wit of a neatly wicked kind.

The film would be even better if form followed function. Its Panavision and color make it seem overproduced, and Stanley Donen, the director, lacks the supple, quick, contemporary touch to match the style of his performers. Still, there are a lot of prickly, impertinent laughs, and the casual manner of the script and playing – a long way from the tense laugh-machine clang of most film comedies – is something to be welcomed.

Note: Two good film books have just been published. *Hitchcock* by François Truffaut (Simon & Schuster; $10) is a series of conversations in August 1962 – with Helen Scott as translator – in which the older director was interviewed by the younger one. Truffaut, out of his enthusiasm for Hitchcock and his own experience, asks the right questions about theory and practice, and gets a lot of fascinating answers. The book itself is well laid out, so that photographs from the film under discussion are on the same page. The only quality missing from the talks is value judgment; lesser Hitchcock is treated with almost the same seriousness as his best films. A book of more specialized interest is *Interviews with Film Directors* (Bobbs-Merrill; $10). Andrew Sarris has collected 40 interviews by different people with outstanding directors, mostly contemporaries. The majority of these interviews appeared in film journals now difficult to obtain, and although some of them are marred (in my view) by misguided adulation and even by the gassiness of some directors I admire, the book is indisputably valuable for reference.

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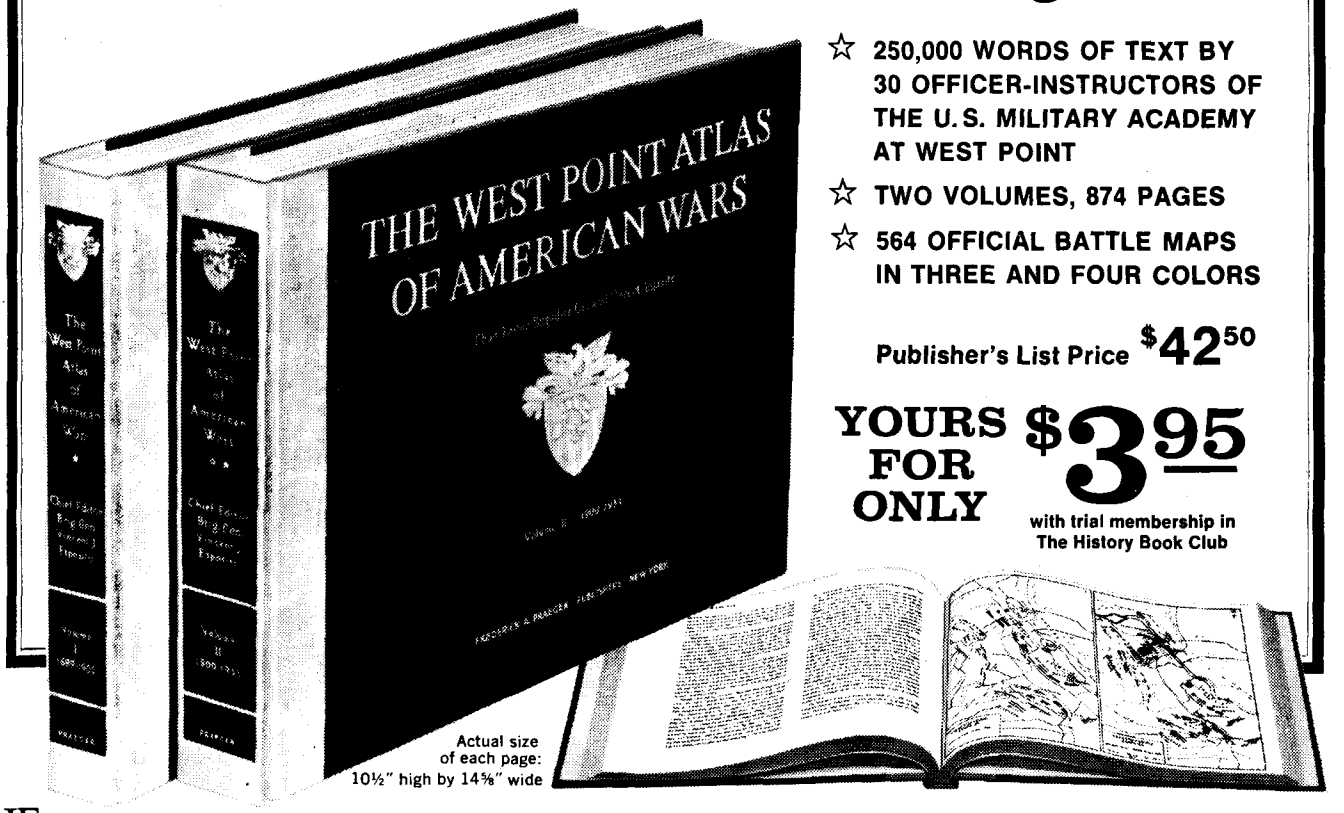

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